

**SPIRITUAL SONGS,**

OR,

**SONGS OF PRAISE**

TO

**ALMIGHTY GOD**

Upon several OCCASIONS.

Together with

**THE SONG OF SONGS.**

Which is

**SOLOMONS.**

First Turn'd, then Paraphrased  
in *English Verse.*

---

*The Third Edition, Corrected, With an  
Addition of a Sacred Poem on DIVES  
and LAZARUS.*

---

L O N D O N,

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J. C.  
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SONG OF PRAISE  
TO  
GOD THE FATHER  
OF  
MERCY

MASON, John

This ed. not in Wang

by O M 921 B

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# THE PREFACE

**O**UR Blessed Saviour immediately before He went out to Suffer, Sung an Hymn, and his Disciples Sung with Him; After His Ascension into Heaven, the Apostles Sung the Praises of God, and Taught Others to do so; After Them, the Primitive Christians Sung; And so must the Christians of this Time. For if these should hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately Cry out: Should we be Silent, even the Heathens might shame us: One of whom said formerly to his Friends, If I was a Nightingale, I would Sing like a Nightingale; But now I am a Man I will Sing the Praises of God as long as I Live; And I would

## THE PREFACE.

have you to Sing with Me! Sing  
we then heartily to our good God, as it  
ever becometh us; So dear to us should  
the Concernment of Gods Honour be,  
that we should Solemnly own his Good-  
ness, Power and Wisdom, even in  
those Works of His, wherein we have  
no Special Interest; For this we have  
the Example of Holy David and  
Others. But if we have not attained  
to so Divine a Frame, yet we should  
at least praise God for our own Mer-  
cies; Which are scarce Mercies,  
scarce our own, if they be not thank-  
fully acknowledged to Him that gave  
Them; Some of which are taken  
Notice of in the First Part of the  
Book. But who can express the  
Noble Acts of the Lord, or shew  
forth



## THE PREFACE.

Sing forth all his Praise?

Solomons Song is an Heavenly Discourse betwixt Christ and His Church; And O how He Loves her! How He extols her! How He admires Her! How he rejoyces in Her! It is a thing which cannot be duly thought upon without an Holy Astonishment; As is His Majesty so is his Mercy, so is his Love, his Joy. Hence it is that the day of his Esponsals (a day that Crown'd his Church with Infinite Happiness) it's Styled the day of the Gladness of his Heart, Ch. 5. 11.

In the Version I Look'd at the Words; In the Paraphrase at the Spiritual Sense; In the whole at the Edification of those who Love Our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.

Worthy



# THE PREFACE.

**Worthy** is the Lamb that was Slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Let Heaven and Earth Praise Him, Let Saints and Angels praise Him.

Let Gods Holy Church throughout all the World Praise Him, Let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth Praise Him, Let Time Praise Him, Let Eternity praise Him, Let our Lips and Lives praise Him; Let our Soules praise Him; *And O may they be a Praise to the Riches of His Grace for Ever!*

THE

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SONGS



(1)



# SONGS OF PRAISE

TO

ALMIGHTY GOD,  
Upon Several Occasions.

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## I. A General Song of Praise to Almighty God.

(1)

**H**OW shall I Sing that Majestie  
VVhich Angels do Admire?  
Let Dust in Dust and Silence Lie,  
Sing, Sing, ye Heav'nly Quire.

Thousand of Thousands stand Around

Thy Throne, O God, most High;

Ten Thousand times Ten thousand sound

Thy Praise; But who am I?

B

Thy

## Songs of Praise

(2)

Thy Brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I thy Footsteps trace.  
A Sound of God comes to my Eares,  
But they behold thy Face,  
They Sing because thou art their Sun,  
Lord, send a Beam on me;  
For where Heav'n is but once begun  
There Hallelujahs be.

(3)

Enlighten with Faiths Light my Heart,  
Enflame it with Loves Fire,  
Then shall I Sing and bear a part,  
VVith that Celestial Quire.  
I shall I fear, be dark and Cold,  
VVith all my Fire and Light:  
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,  
Lord Treasure up my Mite.

(4)

How great a Being, Lord, is thine  
VVhich doth all Beings keep!

Thy

to Almighty God.

3

Thy Knowledge is the only Line  
To Sound so vast a Deep.  
Thou art a Sea without a Shore,  
A Sun without a Sphear,  
Thy Time is now and evermore,  
Thy Place is every where.

(5)

How good art thou whose Goodness is  
Our Parent Nurse and Guide ;  
V Vhose Streams do water Paradise  
And all the Earth beside,  
Thine Upper and thy Nether Springs  
Make both thy V Vorlds to thrive.  
Under thy warm and sheltring wings  
Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

(6)

Thine Arm of Might, most mighty King,  
Both Rocks and Hearts doth break.  
My God, thou canst do every thing  
But what would shew thee weak.  
Thou canst not Cross thy self, or be  
Less then thy self, or poor ;

B 2

But



## Songs of Praise

But whatsoever pleaseth I hee,  
That canst thou do, and more.

(7)

Who would not fear thy Searching Eye,  
Witness to all that's true ?  
Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisie  
Lie plain before its View.  
Motions and thoughts before they grow  
Thy Knowledge doth Espy.  
What unborn Ages are to do  
Is done before thine Eye.

(8)

Thy Wisdom, which both makes and  
VVe ever much Admire. ('mends,  
Creation all our VVit Transcends;  
Redemption rises Higher.  
Thy VVidom guides stray'd Sinners home,  
'Twill make the dead VVorld rise,  
And bring those Prisoners to their Doom.  
Its Paths are Mysteries.

(9)

Great is thy Truth, and shall prevail  
To Unbelievers shame.

Thy

to Almighty God.

5

Thy Truth and Years do never fail;  
Thou ever art the same.

Unbelief is a Raging wave,  
Dashing against a Rock.

If God do not his *Israel* Save,  
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

(10)

Most pure and Holy are thine Eyes,  
Most Holy is thy Name,

Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,  
Thy Holiness proclaim.

This is the Devils scourge and sting,  
This is the Angels Song,

Who Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,  
In Heavenly *Canaan's* Tongue.

(11)

Mercy, that shining Attribute,

The Sinners Hope and Plea!

Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit  
Are drown'd in thy Red Sea.

Mercy is Gods Memorial,  
And in all Ages prais'd,

## Songs of Praise

My God, thine only Son did fall,  
That Mercy might be Rais'd.

(12)

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,  
I Humbly here Adore,

Shew Me thy Glory and thy Face,  
That I may praise Thee more.

Since none can see thy Face and live,  
For me to die is best.

Through *Jordan's* streams who would not  
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest? (dive

## Another.

(1)

**W**Hat shall I Render to my God,  
For all his Gifts to Me?

Sing Heav'n and Earth, rejoyce and praise  
His Glorious Majestie.

Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims,  
Praise Him with all your might.

Praise, praise Him all ye Hosts of Heav'n,  
Praise Him ye Saints in Light.

Ye



(2)

Ye blessed Patriarchs praise the Lord,  
 For his First-Fruits are ye.  
 Bless'd Prophets who dreamt here of God  
 Praise Him, whom now you see.  
 Offer to God ye glorious Priests  
 Your Sacrifice of Praise ;  
 Sweet Psalmists, now your Hearts are Fixt,  
 Your tuneful Voices raise.

(3)

Ye twelve Apostles of the Lamb,  
 VVho here proclaim'd your King,  
 And Fill'd this World with holy Sounds,  
 Loud Hallelujah's Sing.  
 Triumphant Martyrs, ye did Fight,  
 And Fighting ye did fall,  
 And falling ye took up a Crown,  
 Crown Him who Crown'd you all.

(4)

Praise, praise Him, all ye saved Ones,  
 From whom Salvation came ;

Praise Him that Sits upon the Throne,  
 And Praise the Glorious Lamb.  
 Praise, praise him, all ye Saints below,  
 Praise Him both East and West :  
 Praise him, all ye Baptized Lands,  
 Praise whom you have Profess'd.

(5)

O Praise Him, all ye Crowned Heads,  
 That own the Christian Name :  
 Praise Him, who is the King of Kings,  
 Raise and Enlarge his Fame.  
 Praise Him, all Christian Magistrates,  
 Gain Credit to his Wayes :  
 Praise Him, ye Ministers of God,  
 Teach Others Him to Praise.

(6)

Praise Him our Famous Christian Isle,  
 Praise Him with one accord.  
 Let every Tongue, let every Tribe  
 Be Taught to Praise the Lord.  
 Praise Him, my Friends and Kindred all,  
 O Praise Him all your dayes,

My

to Almighty God.

9

My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life  
Joyn to Advance his Praise.

(7)

O Let me praise thee, whilst I live,  
And praise thee, when I dyc,  
And praise thee, when I rise again,  
And to Eternity.

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost :  
The Father sent his Son ;  
The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost,  
For Mens Salvation.

(8)

Mysterious depths of Endless Love  
Our Admirations raise.  
My God, thy Name exalted is  
Far above all our praise.

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### III. A Song of Praise for Creation.

(1)

**T**Hou wast, O God : And thou wast  
Before the World begun ; (Blest  
Of thine Eternity posselt,  
Before Times Glass did Run.

Thou



Thou needest none thy praise to Sing:  
 As if thy Joy could Fade.  
 Could'st thou have needed any thing,  
 Thou could'st have nothing made.

(2)

Great and Good God, it pleased Thee  
 Thy God-Head to declare.  
 And what thy Goodness did decree  
 Thy Greatness did prepare.  
 Thou spak'st, and Heaven and Earth Ap-  
 And Answer'd to thy Call; (pear'd  
 As if their Makers Voice they heard,  
 VVhich is the Creatures *ALL*.

(3)

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,  
 Thy VVord went forth with Speed,  
 Thy VVill, O Lord, it was thy VVord.  
 Thy VVord it was thy Deed.  
 Thou brought'st forth *Adam* from the  
 And *Eve* out of his Side. (Ground,  
 Thy Blessing made the Earth abound  
 VVith these Two multiply'd.

Those

(4)

Those three great Leaves, Heaven, Sea and  
 Thy Name in Figures shew, Land  
 Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,  
 But I my Maker know.  
 Should not I here thy Servant be,  
 Whose Creatures serve me here?  
 My Lord, whom should I fear but Thee,  
 VVho am thy Creatures Fear?

(5)

To whom, Lord, should I Sing but Thee,  
 The Maker of my Tongue!  
 Lo? other Lords would Seize on Me,  
 But I to Thee belong.  
 As Waters hast unto their Sea,  
 And Earth unto its Earth;  
 So let my Soul return to Thee,  
 From whom it had its Birth.

(6)

But ah! I'm fallen in the Night,  
 And cannot come to Thee.  
 Yet speak the VVord, *Let there be Light;*  
 It shall Enlighten me.

And

And let thy Word, most Mighty Lord,  
 Thy Fallen Creature raise,  
 O make me o're again, and I  
 Shall Sing my Makers praise.

---

#### IV. A Song of Praise for Preservation.

(1)  
**T**HOU Lord, who raised'st Heaven  
 and Earth,  
 Dost make thy Building stand,  
 The Weight whereof doth wholly Rest  
 On thine Almighty Hand.  
 Should'st thou withdraw thine Hand of  
 The Earth would quit its place. (might,  
 The shining Heaven would vanish straight  
 Into meer empty Space.

(2)  
 For as that Liquors Scent remains,  
 Which first the Cask did Fill ;  
 So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent  
 Of their first nothing still.

Lord



to Almighty God.

13

Lord, VVhat is man, that Child of Pride,  
That boasts his High degree?  
If one poor moment he be Left,  
He Sinks, and where is He?

(3)

In Thee I Live and Move, and am,  
Thou deal'st me out my dayes.  
As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,  
Let me renew thy praise.  
From thee I am, through thee I am,  
And for thee I must be.  
'Tis better for Me not to live,  
Then not to live to thee.

(4)

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,  
By whose bright Beams I shine.  
As thou, Lord, ever art with Me,  
Let me be ever thine.  
Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,  
Whose streams on me do flow.  
My self I render unto thee,  
To whom my self I ow;

As

(5)

As thou, Lord, an Immortal Soul  
 Hast Breathed into me;  
 So let my Soul be Breathing forth  
 Immortal Thanks to Thee.

---

## V. A Song of Praise for Provision.

(1)

Come, let us praise our Masters Hand,  
 Which gives us daily Bread.  
 Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,  
 Thy Table Richly Spread.  
 Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests  
 Do daily Sit and Feed.  
 Thy Hand Carves every one his part,  
 And suffers None to need.

(2)

Naked came I into the World,  
 And Nothing with me brought;  
 And Nothing have I here describ'd,  
 Yet have I lacked Naught.

**to Almighty God.**

**15**

I do not Bless my Labouring Hand,  
My Labouring Head or Chance,  
Thy Providence, most Gracious God,  
Is mine Inheritance.

(3)

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,  
A Table free from Strife.  
Thy Blessing is the Staffe of Bread,  
Which is the Staffe of Life.  
The People Sate in Companies,  
My Saviour Fed them all ;  
So all the Families of the Earth  
Have Tables in Gods Hall.

(4)

The Vine and Olive Branches too  
Are Nourish'd by thy Care,  
Mercies we Eat, Mercies we drink,  
Mercies we daily wear.  
Shall I repine against my God  
That kept me all my dayes?  
Then let my Tongue forget to tast,  
When it forgets to praise.



## VI. A Song of Praise for Protection

(1)

**M**Y God, my only Help and Hope,  
My strong and sure Defence,  
For all my safety and my peace  
I bless thy Providence.  
The daily Favours of my God  
I cannot Sing at large.  
Yet let me make this Holy Boast,  
I am th' Almighty's Charge.

(2)

Lord, in the day thou art about  
The pathes wherein I tread,  
And in the Night, when I lye down,  
Thou art about my Bed.  
I travel thro' the Wilderness,  
Free from the Beasts of prey.  
The VVolves and Lions mouths are stop'd,  
The Serpents creep away.

(3)

In Preservation God Creates,  
Delivers in Protection.

Lord,

to Almighty God.

17

Lord, every Moment of my Life  
Is like a Resurrection.  
A thousand Deaths I daily 'scape,  
I pass by many a Pit,  
I Sail by many dreadful Rocks,  
Where Others have been split.

(4)

I see blind People with mine Eyes,  
To Hospitals I walk,  
I hear of them that cannot hear,  
And of the Dumb I talk.  
Lord, what am I that thou should'st shew  
Such Favour unto me?  
My Bones and Senses all must say,  
Lord, who is like to Thee?

---

VII. A Song of Praise for Health.

(1)

**H**Health is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,  
Which Money cannot buy,  
The Life of Life, the Bodies peace  
And pleasant Harmony.

C

Lord

Lord, who hath Turn'd my outward Man  
 To such a lively Frame,  
 Skrew up my Heart-strings all, to make  
 Sweet Melody to thy Name.

(2)

Whilest Others in Gods Prisons Lie,  
 Bound with Afflictions Chains ;  
 I walk at large, secure and free  
 From Sickness and from Pains ;  
 Their Life is Death, their Language Groans,  
 Their Meat is Juice of Galls ;  
 Their Friends, but strangers ; Wealth, but  
 Their Houses, Prison-walls. (want.

(3)

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,  
 And shall I silent be ?  
 Lord, was I sick as I am well,  
 Thou should'st have heard from me.  
 The Sick have not more cause to pray,  
 Then I to praise my King.  
 Since Nature teaches them to Groan,  
 Let Grace teach me to Sing.



to Almighty God.

19

(4)

I see my Friends, I taste my Meat,  
I'm free for mine Employ.  
But when I do enjoy my God,  
Then I my self enjoy.  
Lord, who dost set me on my Feet,  
Direct me in thy wayes.  
O Crown thy Gift of Health with Grace  
And turn it to thy Praise.

---

VIII. A Song of Praise for Family-Prosperity.

(1)

**T**Hy Blessing, Lord, doth multiply  
One *Jacob* to two Bands,  
One Person to a Family,  
Which through thy Blessing stands.  
On all my Flock both great and small  
Thy Sun doth Sweetly Shine.  
Thy fruitful drops do gently fall  
On evety Branch of mine.

(2)

Thy Blessing made the Loaves to grow,  
And Multitudes were Fed.

## Songs of Praise

My House is Fill'd and Feasted too.

It is an House of Bread.

How can I hear my Children Sing,

And not Sing unto thee?

Since they glad Newes from Heav'n do

My God must hear from me. (bring,

(3)

Mine Olive Branches and my Vine

Thrive by my Tables Side,

Whilst others wither and decline,

V Who in Deaths Shade abide.

V With Covenant-Blood my Posts are Red,

'Tis on my Lintle found.

And Lo! the Line of Scarlet Thread

Is on my window bound.

(4)

'Tis not, my God, my self alone,

But mine, to Thee I ow.

Thou mad'st me many out of one,

So let thy Praises grow.

V Whatever Lord is done to thine,

Thou count'st it done to Thee

And

to Almighty God.

21

And whatsoever's done to mine,  
I Count it done to Me.

(5)

Let me be ever good to thine,  
Who art so good to me!  
Let thine be mine and mine be thine,  
And they twice mine shall be;  
Then shall my House a Temple be,  
Then I and mine shall Sing  
*Hosannaes* to thy Majestie,  
And praise our Heavenly King.

---

IX. A Song of Praise for good  
Success in honest Affairs.

(1)

**I**S not the Hand of God in this:  
Is not this End divine?  
Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,  
Who on my paths doest shine.  
I Reap the Fruit of Gods Design,  
By Him it was foreseen.

C 3

He



He thought of this as well as I,  
Or it had never been.

(2)

I Blindly guess'd, but he foreknew,  
I wish'd, he did Command.

Wherefore I praise his careful Eye  
And his Unerring Hand.

The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,  
Aim taken in the Dark.

A Providential Hand doth Guide  
The Arrow to the Mark.

(3)

Except the Lord the City keep,  
The Watchman will be slain.

Except the Lord do Build the House,  
The Builder Builds in Vain.

Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,  
When thou send'st Curse or Flame.

And labouring Heads that promise Fruit  
Oft bring forth VVind and shame.

(4)

But thou' hast Crown'd my Actions, Lord,  
VVith good Success to day.

This

This Crown together with my self  
 At thy blest Feet I lay.  
 Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper Me,  
 To bless me in my wayes.  
 Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart  
 Which Aimeth at thy praise.

---

X. A Song of Praise for the  
 Morning.

(1)  
**M**Y God was with me all this Night,  
 And gave Me sweet Repose ;  
 My God did watch even whilst I slept,  
 Or I had never Rose.  
 How many Groan'd and wish'd for Sleep  
 Until they wish'd for day.  
 Meas'ring slow Hours with their quick  
 Whilst I securely lay ! (pains,

(2)  
 Whilst I did sleep all dangers slept ;  
 No Thieves did me affright,  
 Those Evening VVolves, those Beasts of  
 Disturbers of the Night, (prey,  
 C4 No

No Raging Flames nor stormes did Rend  
The House that I was in.

I heard no dreadful Cryes without,  
No doleful Groanes within.

(3)

What Terrours have I 'Scap'd this Night,  
Which have on Others Fell,

My Body might have slept its last,  
My Soul have wak'd in Hell.

Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to  
Which Labour did Devour. (Me,

My Body was in weakness Sown,  
But it is Rais'd in power.

(4)

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night,  
My humble Thanks I pay.

And unto Thee I dedicate  
The first Fruits of the day.

Let this day praise Thee, O my God:  
And so let all my dayes.

And O let mine Eternal day,  
Be thine Eternal praise.



# XI. A Song of Praise for the Evening.

(1)

**N**OW from the Altar of my Heart,  
Let Incense Flames arise,  
Assist me, Lord, to offer up  
Mine Evening Sacrifice.

Awake, my Love ; Awake, my Joy,  
Awake my Heart and Tongue.  
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call ;  
Break forth into a Song.

(2)

Man's Life's a Book of History,  
The Leaves thereof are dayes.  
The Letters Mercies closely Joyn'd,  
The Title is thy Praise.

This day God was my Sun and Shield,  
My Keeper and my Guide.  
His care was on my Frailty Shown,  
His Mercies multiply'd.

Minutes

(3)

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd  
 Have made up all this day;  
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
 More Fleet and free then they.  
 New time, new Favours and new Joyes  
 Do a new Song require.  
 Till I shall praise Thee as I would,  
 Accept my Hearts desire.

(4)

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath Set  
 New Time upon my Score,  
 Then shall I praise for all my Time,  
 When Time shall be no more.

---

## XII. A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.

(1)

**A** Way dark thoughts. Awake, my Joy.  
 Awake, my Glory, Sing,  
 Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth  
 Of Jacobs God and King.

© happy Night, that brought forth Light,  
 VWhich makes the Blind to see!  
 The day-Spring from on High came down  
 To Chear and Visit Thee.

(2)

The wakeful Shepherds near their Flocks,  
 VWere watching for the Morn.  
 But better Newes from Heav'n was  
 Your Saviour is Born (brought,  
 In *Bethlem*. Town the Infant Lies  
 VWithin a place obscure.  
 O Little *Bethlem*, poor in walls,  
 But Rich in Furniture?

(3)

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,  
 Hither the Angels Fly.  
 Hark how the Heavenly Quire doth Sing,  
 Glory to God on High.  
 The News is Spread; the Church is glad,  
 Simeon, o'ecome with Joy,  
 Sings with the Infant in his Armes,  
 Now let thy Servant die.

VVise



(4)

Wise Men from far beheld the Star,  
 Which was their faithful Guide,  
 Until it pointed forth the Babe,  
 And him they glorified.  
 Do Heaven and Earth Rejoyce and Sing,  
 Shall we our Christ deny ?  
 He's Born for us, and we for Him.  
*Glory to God on High.*

---

### XIII. A Song of Praise for Christ.

(1)

**I**'Ve found the Pearl of greatest price.  
 My Heart doth Sing for Joy.  
 And Sing I must. A Christ I have.  
 O What a Christ have I !  
 Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life.  
 The Way to God and Glory.  
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types.  
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

(2)

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King :  
 A Prophet full of Light :

to Almighty God.

29

A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,  
A King that Rules with Might.  
Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where,  
The Altar, God doth Rest.  
My Christ, He is the Sacrifice.  
My Christ, He is the Priest.

(3)

My Christ, He is the Lord of Lords,  
He is the King of Kings.  
He is the Sun of Righteousness  
With Healing in his Wings,  
My Christ, He is the Tree of Life  
Which in God's Garden grows,  
Whose Fruits do Feed, whose Leaves do  
My Christ is *Sharons* Rose. (Heal,

(4)

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
My Physick and my Health;  
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
My Glory and my VVealth.  
Christ is my Father and my Friend,  
My Brother and my Love;

My

My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,  
My Advocate above.

(5)

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,  
My Christ what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is All in All.

#### XIV. A Song of Praise for Re- demption.

(1)

O That I had an Angels Tongue,  
That I might loudly Sing  
The VVonders of Redeeming Love,  
To Thee my God and King.  
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell,  
Did pale and Speechless Ly,  
Must find a Tongue and Time to speak,  
Or else the Stones will cry:

(2)

Let the Redeemed of the Lord  
Their thankful Voices raise.  
Can we be Dumb, whilst Angels Sing  
Our great Redcemers Praise?

Come



**to Almighty God.**

**31**

Come let us joyn with Angels then,  
Glory to God on High.  
Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men.  
Amen, Amen, say I.

(3)

Poor *Adam's* Race was Sathans prey,  
And Dust the Serpent's Food.  
We that were doom'd to be devour'd,  
Naked and Trembling stood.  
A Wise Eternal pity then  
Did helpless Man befriend.  
Our Help did in Gods Bosome Lie,  
And thence it did descend.

(4)

Love Clothed with Humility,  
Built here an House of Clay.  
In which it dwelt, and Rescu'd Man;  
The Devil lost his prey.  
The spightful Serpent bruis'd Christs Heel,  
But then Christ brake his Head,  
And left Him Nail'd upon the Cross,  
On which his Blood was shed.

Sing

(5)

Sing and triumph in boundless Grace,  
 VVhich thus hath set thee free,  
 Extol with shouts, my faved Soul,  
 Thy Saviours Love to thee.  
 Give Endless Thanks to God and say,  
 VVhat Love was this in thee,  
 That thou hast not withheld thy Son,  
 Thine only Son from Me.

(6)

VVhat were Ten Thousand VVorlds to  
 Thine Image and Delight, (Him,  
 Had we been all cast down to Hell,  
 Justice had had its Right.  
 Thy Glory might have been restrain'd,  
 Our Torments should Express  
 Thy Pureness, Justice, Might and Truth,  
 And Everlastingness.

(7)

Thus, Lord thy dreadful Attributes,  
 Man might have serv'd to prove :  
 Thy Glorious Angels would have Sung  
 The Riches of thy Love.

VVouldst

**to Almighty God.**

33

Would'st thou have active VVorshippers,  
Besides the Angels Quire?  
Millions had Issu'd at thy VVord,  
As Sparks arise from Fire.

(8)

Mans Room had quickly bin Supply'd,  
For, Lord, at thy Command  
A New Creation should appear;  
Thy Grace could make them stand,  
Or would'st thou shew thy pity, Lord?  
Thou might'st have looked then  
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,  
And not on Fallen Men.

(9)

But Fallen Angels must be left,  
And Fallen Men must rise,  
For this the Son of God must Fall,  
A Bloody Sacrifice.  
Thy Deep and Glorious Councils, Lord,  
VVith Trembling I Adore.  
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,  
Blessed for evermore.



# XV. A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

(1)

**B**lest be my God that I was Born,  
 To hear the Joyful Sound;  
 That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,  
 And Bred on Ho'y Ground.  
 That I was Bred where God appears,  
 In tokens of his Grace;  
 The Lines are Fallen unto me  
 In a most pleasant place.

(2)

I might have been a Pagan Bred,  
 Or else a Veiled Jew,  
 Or Cheated with an *Alchoran*  
 Among the Turkish Crew.  
 Dumb pictures might have bin my Books  
 Dark Language my Devotion,  
 And so I might with blinded Eyes  
 Have drunk a deadly Potion.

(3)

So in a Dungeon dark as Night  
 I might have Spent my dayes,  
 But thou hast sent me Gospel Light,  
 To thine Eternal praise.

The

to Almighty God.

35

The Sun which rose up in the East  
And drove their Shades away ;  
His Healing VVings have reach'd the  
And turn'd our Night to Day. (VVest

(4)

England at first an Egypt was,  
Since that proud *Babels* Slave ;  
At last a *Canaan* it became,  
And then my Brith it gave.  
Blest be my God that I have slept  
The dismal Night away,  
Being kept in Providence's Womb  
To England's brightest Day.

(5)

Blest be my God for what I see,  
My God for what I hear ;  
I hear such blessed Newes from Heaven,  
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.  
I hear my Lord for Me was born,  
My Lord for Me did dy ;  
My Lord for me did Rise again,  
And did Ascend on High.

(6)

On High he stands to plead my Cause,  
And will return again,

And Set Me on a Glorious Throne  
That I with Him may Reign.

Glory to God the Father be,

Glory to God the Son.

Glory to God the Holy Ghost.

Glory to God Alone.

# XVI. A Song of Praise for a Gospel-Ministry.

(1)

**F**Air are the Feet which bring the  
Of Gladness unto Me; (News  
What Happy Messengers are these,  
Which my blest'd Eyes do see!

These are the Stars which God appoints  
For Guides unto my Eyes.

To lead me unto Bethlem-Town,  
Where my dear Saviour Lies.

(2)

These are my Gods Ambassadors  
By whom his Mind I know,  
Gods Angels in his lower Heav'n,  
Gods Trumpeters below.

The Trumpet Sounds, the Dead arise,  
Which fell by Adam's Hand;

Again



to Almighty God.

37

Again the Trumpet Sounds, and they,  
Set forth for *Canaans* Land.

(3)

The Servants speak, but thou, Lord, dost  
An hearing Ear bestow :  
They smite the Rock, but thou my God  
Dost make the Waters Flow.  
They Shoot the Arrow, but thy Hand  
Doth drive the Arrow Home.  
They call, but, Lord, thou dost Compel,  
And then thy Guests are come.

(4)

Angels that Fly and VVormes that creep,  
Are both alike to Thee.  
If thou mak'st VVormes thine Angels, Lord;  
They bring my God to me.  
As Sons of Thunder first they come,  
And I the Lightning Fear ;  
But then they bring me to my Home,  
And Sons of Comfort are.

(5)

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,  
That I might never Stray,  
The Clouds and Pillars March before  
And shew me *Canaans* way.

I bless my God who is my Guide ;

I Sing in *Sions* ways.

V When shall I Sing on *Sions* Hill

Thine Everlasting praise ?

## XVII. A Song of Praise for Holy Baptisme.

(1)

**L**ord what is Man that Lump of Sin,  
Made up of Earth and Hell,  
Not Fit to come within the Camp

V Where Holy Angels dwell ?

Man is a Leper from the V Vomb,  
An *Ethiopian* born,

A Traitor's Guilty Son and Heir,  
V Vorthy of pain and Scorn.

(2)

And dost thou look on such a One ?

Are not thine Eyes most pure ?

But they are Eyes of Pity too,

V Where Grievs do beg a Cure.

This Leper is a Loathsom Sight,

But pity casts an Ey.

And bids him wash in *Jordans* Streams

To Cure his Leprosie.

This

(3)

This *Ethiopian* Skin is Chang'd,  
And made as white as Snow.  
When dipt in Wonder-working Streams  
Which from Christs Side did Flow.  
As *Adam* slept, and from his Side  
A Killing *Eve* arose ;  
From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)  
A pure Life-Fountain Flows.

(4)

Ah what a Tainted wretch is Man !  
And so he must have stood.  
But Loe ! an Act of Sovereign Grace  
Restores him to his Blood,  
Save me, my God ; for I am thine,  
Lord, own thy Seal to me.  
O wash my Soul till it be Cleans'd  
And purify'd for Thee.

(5)

Blest above Streams is *Jordans* Flood  
Which toucheth *Canaans* Shore.  
I'll Sing thy praise in *Jordans* Streams,  
In *Canaan* Evermore.



# XVIII. A Song of Praise for the Lords Supper.

(1)

**O** Praise the Lord, praise him, praise  
Sing Praises to his Name. (him,  
O all ye Saints of Heav'n and Earth,  
Extol and laud the same.

Who Spared not his only Son,  
But gave Him for us all,  
And made Him drink the Cup of Wrath,  
The VVormwood and the Gall.

(2)

Frail Nature shrunk and did Request  
That bitter Cup might pass,  
But he must drink it off, and this  
The Fathers pleasure was.

*Lo then I Come to do thy Will,*  
His blessed Son Reply'd,  
Yielding Himself to God and Man  
He stretch'd his Armes and dy'd,

(3)

He dy'd indeed, but Rose again,  
And did Ascend on High,

That

**to Almighty God.**

41

That we poor Sinners lost and Dead  
Might Live Eternally.

Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell  
Doth Vengeance vex and Teas  
Were it not for a dying Christ,  
Our Dwelling had been there.

(4)

His Blood was shed in stead of ours,  
His Soul our Hell did bear,  
He took our Sin, gave us Himself,  
What an Exchange is here!  
Whatever is not Hell it self,  
For me it is too good.

But must we Eat the Flesh of Christ?  
And must we drink his Blood?

(5)

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,  
His Blood is Drink Divine,  
His Graces drop like Honey falls,  
His Comforts tast like Wine.  
Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls  
With thine abundant Grace;  
For which we magnifie thy Name,  
Longing to see thy Face.

VWhen

(9)

When shall our Souls mount up to Thee,  
Most Holy, Just and True,  
To Eat that Bread and drink that Wine  
Which is for ever New.

---

XIX. A Song of Praise for the  
Lords Day.

(1)

**M**Y Lord, my Love was Crucified:  
He all the pains did bear.  
But in the Sweetness of his Rest  
He makes his Servants Share,  
How Sweetly Rest thy Saints above  
Which in thy Bosom Ly?  
Thy Church below doth Rest in hope  
Of that Felicity.

(2)

Thou, Lord, who daily Feed'st thy Sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly Feast.  
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds  
Upon this Day of Rest.  
Welcom and dear unto my Soul  
Are these sweet Feasts of Love,  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall Rest above?



(3)

I Bless thy wise and wondrous Love,  
Which binds us to be Free.  
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snare,  
That we may come to Thee.  
I Come, I VVait, I Hear, I Pray,  
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I Trace.  
I Sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviours Face.

(4)

These are my Preparation-days;  
And when my Soul is Drest,  
These Sabbaths shall deliver me  
To mine Eternal Rest.

XX. Another.

(1)

**B**lest day of God, most Calm, most  
The first and best of days. (bright,  
The Lab'ours Rest, the Saints delight,  
A day of Mirth and Praise.  
My Saviours Face did make thee Shine,  
His Rising did thee Raise.  
This made thee Heavenly and Divine,  
Beyond the Common days.

The

(2)

The first-Fruits do a Blessing prove  
To all the Sheaves behind.

And they that do a Sabbath love,  
An happy VWeek shall find.

My Lord on Thee his Name did Fix ;  
VWhich makes Thee Rich and Gay.

Amidst his Golden Candlesticks  
My Saviour walks this day.

(3)

He walks in's Robes, his Face shines bright;  
The Stars are in his Hand,

Out of his Mouth that place of Might  
A Two-Edg'd Sword doth stand.

Grac'd with our Lords Appearance thus ;  
As well as with his Name.

Thou may'st demand Respect from us  
Upon a double Claim.

(4)

This day God doth his Vessels broach ;  
His Conduits Run with VVine,  
He that loves not this days Approach  
Scorns Heaven and Saviours shine.

VVhat

to Almighty God.

45

What Slaves are those who Slav'ry choose,  
And Garlick for their Feast,  
Whilst Milk and Honey they refuse,  
And the Almighty's Rest?

(5)

This Market-day doth Saints Enrich  
And Smiles upon them all.  
It is their *Pentecost*, on which  
The Holy Ghost doth fall,  
O Day of Wonders! Mercies Pawn,  
The weary Souls Recruit,  
The Christians *Gospen*, Heavens Dawn,  
The Bud of Endless Fruit!

(6)

Oh could I love as I have lov'd  
Thy Watches heretofore;  
As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd  
May'st thou be so yet more.  
This day must I for God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is thine.  
O let me spend it in thy Fear,  
Then shall the day be mine.

Cease



Cease VVork and Play throughout the  
 That I to God may rest. (day,  
 Now let me Talk with God, and VValk  
 VVith God, and I am Blest.

XXI. A Song of Praise for the  
 Patience of God.

(1)

**A** Lmighty God, how hast thou borne  
 VVrongs not to be exprest,  
 Daring Rebellion, Injur'd Love,  
 Light quenched in my Breast!  
 Man would be God, and down he fell  
 To teach him better Skill:  
 Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones  
 Against his Maker still.

(2)

Lord, what a Monster is base Man  
 Thus given to Rebel!  
 O that thou dost not Cleave the Earth,  
 And send him quick to Hell!  
 His Sins for VVages loudly Cry,  
 Justice with dreadful Sound  
 Cries too, Cut down this fruitless Tree,  
 VVhy Cumbers it the Ground;

But

(3)

But God waves his Advantages  
Of Right and Vengeance too,  
And by his single Patience  
Doth daring Man out-do.  
The Creature doth disdain his God,  
By whom he is Maintain'd.  
Yet God Maintains this Rebel-worm  
By whom he is disdain'd.

(4)

Fool, Ask not where th' Almighty is,  
All Glory to Him give.  
Is not his Power most fully prov'd  
In Suffering Thee to Live?  
Was He not God, he could not bear  
Such Weights as on Him ly;  
Weak things are quickly set on Fire,  
And to their Weapons Fly.

(5)

Why should not Patience make me Sing  
VVhen Hell would make Me Roar  
Lord, let thy Patience End in Love,  
I'll Sing for Evermore.

## XXII. A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.

(1)

**M**Y God a God of Pardon is,  
 His Bosom gives me Ease,  
 I have not, do not please my God,  
 Yet Mercy Him doth please.  
 My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,  
 But Lo ! a Fountain Springs  
 From Christ's pierc'd Side, which louder  
 And speaketh better Things. (cries

(2)

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,  
 But Mercies Height exceeds.  
 Gods Mercy is above the Heav'ns,  
 Above my sinful deeds.  
 My Sins are many, like the Stars,  
 Or Sands upon the Shore ;  
 But yet the Mercies of my God  
 Are infinitely more.

(3)

My Sins in bigness do arise  
 Like Mountains Great and Tall,

But



**to Almighty God.**

49

But Mercy, like a mighty Sea,  
Covers these Mountains all.  
This is a Sea that's Bottomless,  
A Sea without a Shore.  
For where Sin hath abounded much,  
Mercy abounds much more.

(4)

*Manasseh, Paul and Magdalen*  
Were pardon'd all by Thee.  
I Read it, and Believe it, Lord,  
For thou hast pardon'd Me.  
When God shall search the World for Sin,  
V What trembling will be there ?  
O Rocks and Mountains Cover us,  
V Will be the Sinners Prayer.

(5)

But the Lambs wrath they need not fear,  
V Who once have felt his Love.  
And they that walk with God below  
Shall dwell with God above.  
Rage, Earth and Hell, come Life, come  
Yet still my Song shall be, (Death,  
God was, and is, and will be good  
And Merciful to Me.

## XXIII. A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience.

(1)

**M**Y God, my reconciled God,  
 Creator of my Peace,  
 Thee will I Love, and praise, and Sing,  
 Till Life and Breath shall Cease.  
 My thoughts did Rage, my Soul was tost,  
 'Twas like a troubled Sea.  
 But what a Mighty Voice is this  
 Which winds and waves Obey ?

(2)

God spake the word, *Peace and be still*,  
 My Sins, those Mutineers  
 With speed went off and took their  
 V Where now are all my fears? (flight)  
 The World can neither give nor take,  
 Not yet can understand  
 That Peace of God, which Christ hath  
 And gives me with his Hand, (bought)

(3)

This is my Saviours Legacie,  
 Confirm'd by his deccale ;

**to Almighty God.**

51

Ye shall have trouble in the VVorld,  
In Me ye shall have Peace.  
And so it is ; The World doth Rage,  
But Peace in Me doth Reign.  
And whilst my God maintains the Fort,  
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

(4)

The burning Bush was not Consum'd,  
VVhilest God remained there ;  
The Three, when Christ did make the  
Found Fire as meek as Air. (Fourth,  
So is my Memory stuff'd with Sins,  
Enough to make an Hell ;  
And yet my Conscience is not Scorch'd,  
For God in Me doth dwell.

(5)

VVhere God doth dwell, sure Heav'n is  
And Singing there must be. (there,  
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heav'n  
VVhom should I Sing but Thee ?  
My God, my reconciled God,  
Creator of my Peace,  
Thee will I Love, and Praise, and Sing,  
Till Life and Breath shall Cease.



# XXIV. A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost.

(1)

**M**Y Soul doth magnifie the Lord,  
My Spirit doth rejoyce  
In God my Saviour and my God.  
I hear his Joyful Voice.  
I need not go abroad for Joy,  
Who have a Feast at Home.  
My Sighs are turned into Songs.  
The Comforter is come.

(2)

Down from above the blessed Dove  
Is come into my Breast,  
To witness Gods Eternal Love;  
This is my Heavenly Feast.  
This makes me *Abba Father* Cry  
With Confidence of Soul.  
It makes me Cry, my Lord, my God,  
And that without Controul.

(3)

There is a Stream, which Issues forth  
From Gods Eternal Throne,

And

to Almighty God.

53

And from the Lamb ; a living Stream,  
Clear as the Cristal Stone ;  
This Stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the Angels Sing ;  
One Cordial Drop Revives my Heart,  
Hence all my Joys do Spring.

(4)

Such Joys as are unspeakable  
And full of Glory too,  
Such hidden *Manna*, Hidden Pearls,  
As Worldlings do not Know.  
Ey hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,  
From Fancy 'tis Conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine ;  
And hast to me reveal'd.

(5)

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,  
I Taste thy sweetest Love ;  
My Soul doth leap ; But O for wings,  
The wings of *Noah's Dove* !  
Then should I Flee far hence away,  
Leaving this world of Sin ;  
Then should my Lord put forth his Hand  
And kindly take me in.

(6)

Then should my Soul with Angels Feast  
 On Joys that always last ;  
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,  
 Who gives Me here a Taste.

## XXV. A Song of Praise for Grace.

(1)

**O** God of Grace, who hast Restor'd  
 Thine Image unto Me,  
 Which by my Sins was quite defac'd,  
 What shall I render Thee ?  
 Thine Image and Inscription, Lord,  
 Upon my Heart I bear ;  
 Thine own I render unto Thee,  
 O God, my God most dear.

(2)

My self I ow Thee for my self,  
 Whom Thou didst make of Earth.  
 But Thou hast made me o're again,  
 Thou gav'st a Second Birth.  
 Twice born and twice Endu'd with Life,  
 I hast to come to Thee,  
 To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart  
 With all Humility.



(3)

O was I Born first from Beneath ?  
 And then Born from above ?  
 Am I a Child of Man and God ?  
 O Rich and endless Love !  
 VWhen I had broke the Tables, Lord,  
 New Tables thou didst Hew,  
 And with thy Finger didst Engrave  
 Thy Laws on them anew.

(4)

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,  
 And Earth must be my Tomb.  
 Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth  
 My Father is become.  
 Hell enter'd Me, and into Hell  
 I quickly should have Run.  
 But O ! kind Heaven laid hold on Me ;  
 Heav'n is in Me begun.

(5)

This Spark will rise into a Flame,  
 This Seed into a Tree ;  
 My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall  
 Loud Hallelujahs be.

## XXVI. A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.

(1)

**W**Hat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heaven?

Thou art more bright, more High.  
What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints  
To thy bright Majesty.

Th'rt far above the Songs of Heaven  
Sung by thy Holy Ones.

And dost thou Stoop and Bow thine Ear  
To a poor Sinners Groans?

(2)

God minds the Language of my Heart,  
My Groans and Sighs he hears.

He hath a Book for my Requests,  
A Bottle for my Tears.

But did not my dear Saviours Blood  
First wash away their Guilt,

My Sighs would prove but empty Air,  
My Tears would all be Spilt.

(3)

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was  
My Advocate within;

But

**to Almighty God.**

**57**

But O / my Smoke joyn'd with thy Flame,  
My Prayer was mixt with Sin.  
But then Christ was my Altar, and  
My Advocate above.  
His Blood did clear my Prayer, and gain'd  
An Answer full of Love.

(4)

It could not be that thou shouldst Hear  
A Mortal sinful Worm.  
But that my Prayers presented are  
In a more glorious Form.  
Christs precious Hands took my Requests,  
And turn'd my dross to Gold ;  
His blood put warmth into my Prayers,  
VWhich were by Nature cold.

(5)

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus sake,  
VWhom thou dost Hear alwayes.  
Lord, Hear through that prevailing Name  
My Voice of Joy and Praise.

**XXVII.**



## XXVII. A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Enemies.

(1)

**G**reat God, who dost the World  
Command,

Thou Check'st both winds and waves,  
The Devils, which like Lions Roar,  
Are thine Enchained Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are Smoaking Brands  
And Idols Fear'd in vain ;

Thou Lord, the only, only God  
Their Fury doth restrain.

(2)

Thou Lord, didst Smooth fierce Esau's Brow,  
And Change his Murm'ring Breath ;  
Thou gav'st to him a Brothers Heart,  
Who Vow'd his Brothers Death.

Angels have Arm'd at thy Command ;  
And Stars have Shot their Dart ;  
Nature hath fought ; and Miracles  
Have took thy Churches part.

(3)

Thee, Lord, who still thy Church dost  
All Creatures must obey. (Love,

And when for Thine thou dost Arise,  
Their En'mies where are they ?

to Almighty God.

59

I cry'd to Heav'n in my Distress;  
I to my God did Flee;  
He with Compassion heard my Cry,  
He did Arise for Me.

(4)

With humble Fear and thankful Joy,  
Lord, at thy Feet I Fall,  
Unfeignedly acknowledging,  
That thou alone dost all.  
Thou art all Power, thou art all Love,  
And so thou art to Me.  
Blest be my God, now and henceforth,  
And to Eternity.

---

XXVIII. A Song of Praise for Deli-  
verance from Spiritual Troubles

(1)

I That am drawn out of the Depth,  
Will Sing upon the Shore.  
I that in Hells dark Suburbs lay,  
Pure Mercy will Adore.  
The Terrours of the Living God  
My Soul did so affright,  
I Fear'd, lest I should be Condemn'd  
To an Eternal Night,

Kind

(2)

Kind was the pity of my Friends,  
 But could not Ease my Smart ;  
 Their words indeed did reach my Case,  
 But could not reach my Heart.  
 Ah then what was this World to Me,  
 To whom Gods Word was dark !  
 Who in my Dungeon cou'd not see  
 One Beam or shining Spark.

(3)

What then were all the Creatures Smiles  
 When the Creator frown'd ?  
 My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,  
 My Being was my wound.  
 Tortur'd and wrack'd with Hellish fears,  
 VVhen God the Blow should give,  
 Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,  
 Then Mercy bid me live.

(4)

Gods Furnace doth in *Sion* stand,  
 But *Sions* God Sits by ;  
 As the Refiner Views his Gold  
 VVith an observant Ey.  
 Gods Thoughts are high, his Love is wise  
 His VVounds a Cure intend.



to Almighty God.

61

And tho' He doth not alwayes Smile,  
He Loves unto the End.

(5)

Thy Love is constant to its Line,  
Tho' Clouds oft come between.  
O could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,  
It might be always seen.  
But I am weak, and forc'd to Cry,  
Take up my Soul to Thee,  
Then as thou ever art the same,  
So shall I ever be.

(6)

Then shall I ever, ever Sing,  
Whilest thou dost ever Shine.  
I have thine own dear Pledge for this,  
Lord, thou art ever mine.

---

XXIX. A Song of Praise for Deliv-  
erance from imminent Danger  
of Death.

(1)

**L**ord of my Life, Length of my Days,  
Thy Hand hath rescu'd me,

V Who

VWho lying at the Gates of Death  
 Among the Dead was Free.  
 My dearest Friends I had resign'd  
 Unto their Makers care ;  
 Me thought I only time had left  
 For a Concluding Prayer.

(2)

Me thoughts Death laid his Hand on me,  
 And did his Pris'ner Bind ;  
 And by the sound me thought I heard  
 His Masters Feet behind.  
 Me thoughts I stood upon the Shore,  
 And nothing could I see,  
 But the Vast Ocean with my Eyes,  
 A Vast Eternity.

(3)

Me thoughts I heard the Midnight Cry  
 Behold the Bridegroom comes.  
 Me thoughts I was call'd to the Bar,  
 VWhere Souls receive their Dooms.  
 The World was at an End to me,  
 As if it all did Burn.

But Lo ! there came a Voice from Heav'n  
 Which order'd my Return.

Lord

to Almighty God.

63

(4)

Lord, I return'd at thy Command;  
What wilt thou have me do?  
O let me wholly live to Thee,  
To whom my Life I ow.  
Faine would I dedicate to Thee  
The Remnant of my Days.  
Lord, with my Life renew my Heart,  
That both thy Name may praise.

---

XXX. A Song of Praise for the  
Hope of Glory.

(1)

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears.  
Alas, how can I Sing!  
My Harp doth on the Villows hang,  
Dis-tun'd in every String.  
My Musick is a Captives Chains,  
Harsh Sounds my Ears do Fill.  
How shall I Sing sweet Sions Song  
On this Side Sions Hill?

(2)

Yet Lo, I hear a Joyful Sound  
Surely I quickly come.

Each



Each word much sweetness doth distill,  
Like a full Honey Comb.

And dost thou come my dearest Lord?

And dost thou surely come?

And dost thou surely quickly come?

Me thinks I am at Home.

(3)

Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,  
My Sweetest, surest Friend.

Come, for I Loath these *Kedar* Tents,  
Thy Fiery Chariots send.

What have I here; My thoughts and Joys  
Are all pack'd up and gone,

My Eager Soul would follow them  
To thine Eternal Throne.

(4)

What have I in this barren Land?

My Jesus is not here.

Mine Eyes will ne're be Blest until

My Jesus doth Appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n

To get a Place for Me.

For 'tis his Will that where he is,

There should his Servants be.

(5)

Canaan I view from Pisgahs top;

Of Canaans Grapes I tast.

My Lord who sends unto me here

Will Send for Me at last.

I have a God that Changeth not.

Why should I be perplext?

My God that owns Me in this V World;

VWill own Me in the next.

(6)

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God,

Into another Room.

Thou who hast walked with him here,

Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a Believing Ey.

It hath an Angels Face.

And this kind Angel will prefer

Thee to an Angels place.

(7)

The Grave is but a Fining Pot

Unto Believing Eyes:

For there the Flesh shall lose its dross,

And like the Sun shall rise.

The world, which I have known too well  
 Hath mock'd Me with its Lies.  
 How gladly could I leave behind  
 Its vexing Vanities?

(8)

My dearest Friends they dwell above,  
 Them will I go to see;  
 And all my Friends in Christ below  
 Will soon come after Me.

Fear not the Trumps Earth rending  
 Dread not the Day of Doom. (Sound,  
 For he that is to be thy Judge,  
 Thy Saviour is become.

Blest be my God that gives me Light,  
 VWho in the dark did Grope.  
 Blest be my God, the God of Love,  
 VWho causeth me to hope.

Here's the VWords Signet, Comforts Staffe,  
 And here is Graces Chain.

By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know  
 My Hopes are not in vain.



XXXI. A Song of Praises Collected  
out of the Book of Psalmes.

(1)

PSAL.  
135.1 **O** Praise the Lord, Praise Him,  
Praise Him,

Praise Him with one accord.

Praise Him. praise Him all ye that be  
The Servants of the Lord.

47.6. Sing Praises to our God, Sing Praise,  
Sing Praises to our King.

Praise to the King of all the Earth,  
With understanding Sing.

(2)

103.1. My Soul give Land unto the Lord,  
My Spirit shall do the same,  
And all the Secrets of my Heart,  
Praise ye his Holy Name.

PS, 95.6. Come let us Bow, and praise the  
Before Him let us Fall, (Lord,  
And Kneel to Him with one accord;  
For He hath made us all.

(3)

7 He is the Lord; He is our God,  
For us He doth provide.

We are his Flock, he doth us Feed,  
His Sheep, he doth us Guide.

118.21. I will Give Thanks unto the Lord,  
Because he hath heard Me,  
And is become most Lovingly  
A Saviour unto Me.

(4)

13. The Lord is my defence and strength,  
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song,  
He is become for me indeed  
A Saviour most strong.

28. Thou art my God, I will Confess  
And render Thanks to Thee.  
Thou art my God, and I will praise  
Thy Mercy towards Me.

(5)

29. O Give Ye Thanks unto the Lord,  
For Gracious is He ;  
Because his Mercy doth endure  
For ever towards Me.

## XXXII. Another.

(1)

PSAL. 28.6. **T**O render thanks unto the Lord  
How great a Cause have I ?  
My

**to Almighty God.**

69

**My Voice, my Prayer and my Complaint  
That heard so willingly ?**

59.17. **Thou art my strength, thou hast me  
O Lord, I Sing to Thee. (Stay'd,  
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,  
A Loving God to me.**

(2)

73.25. **What thing is there that I can wish  
But Thee in Heav'n above ?**

**And in the Earth there is nothing  
Like Thee that I can Love.**

36.9. **For why? the Well of Life so pure  
Doth ever flow from Thee;  
And in thy Light we are full sure  
The lasting Light to see.**

(3)

27.15. **My heart would faint, but that in me  
This Hope is Fixed fast,  
The Lord Gods good Grace shall I see  
In Life that ay shall last.**

48.13. **For this God is our God, our God  
For evermore is He.**

**This God of ours even unto Death  
Our faithful Guide will be.**



(4)

17.17. When I awake, I shall behold  
In Righteousness thy Face.

And I shall be most like to Thee,  
Even filled with thy Grace.

16.11. Full Joys are in thy Presence, Lord,  
(A Sweet and precious Store)

My God at thy Right Hand there are  
Pleasures for evermore.

(5)

103.21. Ye Angels which are great in Power  
Praise Ye and Bless the Lord,

Which to obey and do His Will  
Immediately accord.

22. Yea, all his works in every place  
Praise Ye His Holy Name.

My Heart, my Mind and all my Soul  
For ever praise the same.

XXXIII. A Song of Praise Col-  
lected from the Doxologies in  
the Revelation of St. John.

(1)

REV. 1.5. **T**O Him that Lov'd us from  
Himself,  
And dy'd to do us good. And

**To Almighty God.**

97

And wash us from our Scarlet Sins,  
In his own purest Blood.

6. And made us Kings and Priests to God  
His Father infinite,  
To Him Eternal Glory be,  
And Everlasting Might.

(2)

5.12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,  
To have all Power and Wealth,  
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,  
Thanks for his Saving Health.

13. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Power to Him  
That on the Throne doth Sit;  
And to the Lamb for ever and  
For ever so be it.

(3)

7.9. Thousands of Thousands of the Saints  
Which stand before their King,  
With Shining Robes and Spreading  
Loud Hallelujahs Sing. (Palme)

10. Ascribe Salvation to our God  
Who Sits upon the Throne,

And to the Lamb, the Glorious Lamb  
Ascribe Salvation.

(4)

11.12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,  
Salvation is his due.

And we through all Eternity  
His Praises will Renew.

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, VVisdom, Might,  
Honour and Power then  
Be to our God for evermore,  
For evermore, *Amen*.

---

THE

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THE  
SONG OF SONGS  
WHICH IS  
SOLOMONS  
First Turned then Paraphrased in  
*English Verse.*

---

*The* VERSION.

CHAP. I.

V. I. *The Song which doth all Songs Excell,  
Written by Solomon,  
The wisest King of Israel,  
And Blessed Davids Son.*

[*Dialogue*]

**The Church to CHRIST.**

2. **C**ome near, Come nearer yet and  
Thy Sweetest Lips to mine. (move  
For why? Thy Love (who art all Love)  
Exceeds the Richest Wine.

Like

## The Song of Songs

3. Like to an Ointment poured out  
Is thy Sweet Name and Favour ;  
Glad Virgins Compass Thee about  
For thy good Ointments Savour.

4. O draw Me with thy Cords of Love,  
We will Run after Thee.

The King into his Rooms above  
Hath now Conducted Me.

Thy Beams will make our Faces shine,  
In Thee we will Rejoyce,

Thy Love is more to us then Wine,  
Thou art the uprights Choice.

5. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
Tho' I am Black, yet Fair ;

Like *Kedars* Tents, like Ornaments  
Which *Solomons* Bed doth wear.

6. Look not with a disdainful Ey  
Upon my Sun-burnt Face.

My Mothers Children Rag'd at Me  
And wrought me much disgrace.

Such was their Envy, such their Grudge,  
Their Vines must be inspected,

Whilest

Whilest at their Vines I was their Drudge,  
Mine own were quite neglected.

7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth love,  
Tell me now from thy Breast,  
Where feede thy Flock; where doth it  
VVhere is its Noon-Tide rest? (move?  
Why should I stray and lose my way,  
Till I at last do Fall.

Among thy Fellowes Flocks, as they  
Themselves do proudly call?

**CHRIST.**

8. O Fairest Fair, then go and Trace  
The Footsteps of my Sheep,  
And Feed my Kids beside the Place  
Where my good Shepherds keep.

9. My Love, I have compared Thee  
To those Egyptian Mares  
Which in King Pharaohs Chariots Flee  
O Fairest of all Faires!

10. Thy Cheeks are comely to behold  
Which Rows of Jewels Deck.  
Large Chains of pure and shining Gold,  
Adorn thy Royal Neck.



**11.** *I and my Father, we will make  
Borders of Gold for Thee,  
With Silver Studs for thy dear Sake,  
That thou mayst Richer be.*

### **The Church.**

**12.** *The King doth at his Table Sit,  
And I that love Him well  
Do poure my Spikenard on his Feet,  
Which gives a fragrant Smell.*

**13.** *My VVelbeloved is to Me  
A Pomander of Myrrh ;  
Betwixt my Breasts all Night shall He  
Be Lodg'd and never Stir.*

**14.** *My VVelbeloved is to Me  
Like Aromatick V Vines ;  
Like Clusters of the Camphire Tree,  
Among Engeddi Vines.*

### **CHRIST.**

**15.** *Lo, thou art Fair; my only Love,  
My Love, Lo, thou art Fair.  
Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,  
Doves Eyes in Thee Appear.*

**The Church.**

16. Nay, my Beloved, Thou art Fair.  
 My Fairness is from Thee.  
 And thou art Sweet beyond Compare,  
 What a green Bed have we !
17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,  
 So strong they will not Stir.  
 The Rafter send a pleasant Smell,  
 For they are made of Fir.
- 

*The PARAPHRASE.*

CHAP. I.

1. Now will I Sing of Christ the King,  
 And of his Church the Queen ;  
 The Song of Songs to them belongs,  
 Where their pure Flames are seen.

[Dialogue]

**The Church to CHRIST.**

2. **L** Et my dear Saviours Love Appear  
 By some assuring Sign.  
 Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul dost Chear,  
 When thou say'st, I am thine.

Let

Let Others on their Dainties Feed  
 And drink the richest Wine ;  
 My Feast doth all their Feasts exceed,  
 VVhen thou say'st, I am thine.

3. Thy VVord which Sounds thy mighty  
 And how good thou hast been, (Fame,  
 Doth so revive that for the Same,  
 Souls love Thee, tho' unseen ;  
 Souls of an Heavenly make and Frame,  
 The Joyful Heires of Grace,  
 Do tast such Sweetness in thy Name,  
 They long to see thy Face.

4. Fain would I, but I cannot move ;  
 Sin hath Enfeebled me.  
 O draw me with the Cords of Love,  
 I will Run after Thee.  
 Thou hear'st, thou draw'st, I come, I come,  
 Thy Love (my God) is Sweet.  
 Thy Presence-Chamber is the Room  
 VVhere Souls and Joyes do meet.  
 Our Earthly Pleasures we forget,  
 To think upon thy Love.



All upright Soules their Minds do Set  
On Thee, my Lord, above.

5. Tho' I to Strangers Black do Seem,  
And under Foot am Trod,  
Yet am I Fair in Heavens esteem,  
I am the House of God.

6. O do not Scorn my outward state,  
Ye know not what's within.  
VVhom God doth love, how dare ye hate?  
My Saviour hides my Sin.  
Profest Church Members should have  
Some Comfort to my Mind; (brought  
But did they Treat me as they ought,  
Alas they prov'd unkind,  
Their Anger did my words controul,  
They Bow'd me to their VVill,  
And so my own immortal Soul  
Declin'd and Fared ill.

7. Pity my tempted state, O Lord,  
VVhom still I do adore.  
O bring Me home by thy good word,  
My blessed Soul Restore.

Since,

80      **The Song of Songs.**

Since, Lord, thy Mercy still abides,  
Shall I be lost among  
False flocks, false doctrines, & false guides,  
Which do thine Honour wrong?

**CHRIST.**

8. My Church, to Me the World is dross,  
And thou a Pearl of Price,  
And art thou Stray'd and at a Loss?  
Attend to my Advice.

Look back upon my Church of old  
And Mark which way they went;  
And let thy Childrens Eyes behold  
The Pastours I have Sent.

9. As Pharaohs Horses (Egypts Pride)  
Is Deem'd the Choicest Breed;  
So thou my Church, my Fairest Bride  
All Fair Ones dost exceed.

10. Mans Eyes the outward state behold,  
Mine Eyes are on thy Heart,  
Whilest others Shine with Pearl and Gold,  
Through Grace thou Lovely art.

My

11. My Soul that Loves Thee is so glad  
Thy Stock of Grace to see,  
I and my Father, we will adde  
A new Supply to Thee.

**The Church.**

12. My King doth Sit in Heaven above,  
Where Angels do attend.  
And from below, my Faith and Love  
Shall to my King ascend.

13. My Faith ascends unto my Lord,  
And brings him down to Me.  
My Love a Bolom doth afford,  
Where He shall Lodged be.  
O the Sweet time, as if I was  
Reigning in Heaven above ;  
When once my Soul doth Christ embrace  
In Arms of Faith and Love !

14. It is so Sweet, when we do Meet,  
My Joyes in Christ exceed  
The sweetest Smells, and Tafts, and Sights;  
Which can our Senses Feed.



# The Song of Songs CHRIST.

15. My Dearest Church, I do admire  
The Beauties of thy Mind,  
So Meek, so Harmless, so Entire,  
So Faithful and so Kind.

## The Church.

16. My dearest Lord, I thou art the Sun,  
By whose bright Beams I Shine.  
And then my Glory first begun,  
When thou becamest mine,  
Since thou art mine, and I am thine,  
A Numerous Race doth Flow  
In every place, which to thy Grace  
Their Birth and Being ow.

17. The Dear Assemblies of thy Saints,  
Where thou my Lord dost dwell,  
Are Sweet and pure, and shall endure  
Against the Gates of Hell.

---

The VERSION.

CHAP. II.

CHRIST.

1. **I** Am the Rose of Sharon-Field,  
I am the Lilly White,

The

## Which is SOLOMONS.

83

*The Lilly, which the Valleys yield,  
I am both with Sweet and Bright.*

2. *What are Thorns in th' Account of Men  
Unto the Lilly Bright?*

*What are the Fairest Daughters, when  
My Love Appears in Sight?*

## The Church.

3. *What are the Common Trees o'th'  
Unto the Apple-Tree? (Wood*

*What is the Rich and Noblest Blood,  
My Lovely Lord, to Thee?*

*I Sate Rejoycing in Times past  
Under his cooling Shade.*

*His Fruit was Sweet unto my Tast,  
O what a Feast I made!*

4. *Unto his Cellars stor'd with Wines,  
He caus'd Me to remove.*

*Over my Head abroad he Spread  
The Banner of his Love.*

*Give Flagons for a Cordial,  
Bring Apples Me to Chear.*

**The Song of Songs**

For I am Sick, I Faint, I Fall,  
I Languish for my Dear.

6. His Left Hand underneath my Head,  
For my Support is plac'd.  
His Right Hand over me is Spread,  
And thus I am Embrac'd.

7. O *Salems* Daughters, you I Charge,  
Both by the Roe and Hind,  
Ye do not move nor Stir my Love,  
Until it be his Mind.

8. My Welbeloveds Voice of Joy  
My Heart with Comfort Fills.  
He comes Leaping on Mountains High,  
And Skipping on the Hills.

9. My Welbeloved comes in hast,  
Like a Swift-Footed Roe.

Nay, my Beloved flies so Fast,  
Young Hart did never so.

Behind our Vall, Lo ! He doth stand,  
He's at our Windows seen.

He shewest himself so near at Hand,  
There's but a Grate between.



10. I gladly heard His Gracious Tone,  
Who thus to me did say,  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest one,  
Make hast and come away.

11. The Season of the Year Invites,  
The Winter's gone and past.  
Behold a Spring of new Delights  
No Rain, nor Stormy Blast.

12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear;  
The Birds begin to Sing;  
The People of our Land do hear  
The Turtles Murmuring.

13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,  
Young Grapes their Smells display.  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest one,  
Make hast and come away.

14. O my Fair Dove, whose Fairnesse dwells  
In Dark Obscurity,  
In Cloven Rocks and secret Cells,  
Come, Shew thy Self to Me.  
O let thy Face to Me appear,  
Let thy Voice Answer Mine,

Thy Voice is Musick in mine Ear,  
Thy Countenance doth Shine.

15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toyl,  
The little Foxes catch,  
For they our fruitful Vines do spoil,  
Their tender Grapes they Snatch.

16. My Welbeloved, He is mine,  
And I am his indeed.  
In Pastures, which with Lillies Shine,  
He makes his Flock to Feed.

17. Till the day break, and Shades depart  
Beloved, hast to Me.  
Even as the Roe and tender Hart  
On Bether-Mountains Flee.

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The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. II.

CHRIST.

[1. **S**uch is the Power of my Sweet Love,  
My Church it Sweetneth.  
It Sweetens Earth and Heaven above.  
It Sweetens Life and Death,

Such

Such is the Beauty of my Face,  
'Tis with such Glories Crown'd,  
That Solomons Glory must give place  
To what Shines me around.

As Lillies in the Valleys grow,  
So I the Valleys own.

The Humble are my Heaven below  
The Lowly are my Throne.

2. No comely Persons can I see,  
But whom my Grace adorns,  
My Church a Lilly is to Me,  
And all the Rest are Thorns;

### The Church.

3. None but a Jesus, none but He!  
He is the Chiefest good.

My Jesus is an Apple Tree,  
And others Barren Wood.

He is a Shadow from the Heat  
Of Conscience, Wrath and Hell.

He is true Manna, Heavenly Meat,  
Which Feeds his Israel.

The Shadow of his Sacraments  
Hath been exceeding good.



Under that Shade a Feast I made  
Upon his Flesh and Blood.

4. My Christ is like a Cellar Stor'd  
With Sweet and precious Wine.  
What Sweetness found I in my Lord,  
When He said, I am thine !  
As Souldiers to their Colours stand,  
And after them do move.  
So doth my Dearest Lord Command,  
And draw Me by his Love.

5. Nothing but Glory can Suffice  
The Appetite of Grace.  
I long for Christ with Restless Eyes,  
I Languish for his Face.  
O Take Me up, or let Me Sup  
On Promises Divine,  
Those Apples from the Tree of Life,  
Those Flagons full of Wine.

6. How am I Born, whilest Sick of Love,  
In those Blest Hands of his ?  
His Left my Soules Support doth prove,  
His Right my Comfort is.

And

**Which is SOLOMONS. 89**

7. And whilest his Love doth Me inflame,  
Hear what a Charge I give,  
All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.  
He is all Love, he is my Love,  
O do not him abuse,  
Do not again put him to pain  
Dear Christians, Turn not *Jewes*.  
Lord, leave us not, yet if thou wilt,  
VVith Tears we'll own thy Right,  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

8. My dearest Saviours Voice I hear,  
He comes on my account,  
Nothing can stop his full Career,  
No, not Corruptions Mount.

9. My Lord makes hast from Heaven to  
And he Himself presents, (Earth  
To Men of a polluted Birth,  
By VVord and Sacraments.  
Tho', like a VVall, our frail Estate  
Prevents a perfect Sight.

Yet

# The Song of Songs.

Yet thro' his Ordinances Grate  
Dart in some Beams of Light.

10. My Lord to Me did thus begin,  
Arise, my Love, and Flee  
From VVorld, Flesh, Sathan, Self and Sin,  
O come away to Me.

11. Time was, when thou wast cold and  
An Heir of VVrath thou wast, (dead,  
And Vengeance-Storms hung o're thy  
But those Sad days are past. (Head,

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to Spring  
In Thee so hopefully.  
That all the Heavenly Quire doth Sing  
*Glory to God on High.*

13. My Church, thou art my tender  
My dewes have nourish'd Thee, (Plant,  
Now thou art mine, now thou must  
Thy Fruit, thy Self to Me. (Grant

14. My Heartless Dove, why dost thou  
And hide thy Self from Me? (Faint  
Thou



**which is SOLOMONS.**

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Thou know'it not how I love a Saint,  
How welcom thou shouldest be.  
Come, Come, before thy Lord appear,  
Thy Person Joyes my Sight.  
Let me thy Prayers and Praises hear,  
Thy Voice is my Delight.

15. Ye Men of God whose Charge it is  
In Gods Courts to attend,  
Restrain those Enemies of his,  
VVhich do his Church offend.

16. Mine through my Faith is my Dear  
His through his Love am I. (Lord,  
He Feeds his People with his VVord,  
VVhich tastes most pleasantly.

17. He Feeds them with his VVord of  
Till Glories day appears. (Grace,  
VVhich all the Shades away shall Chase  
Of Sins, and Grievs, and Fears.  
Come Love, Come Lord, come that long  
My only Expectation. (day  
Shovel these days out of the way,  
These Hills of Separation.

The

The VERSION.

CHAP. III.

The Church.

1. **H**Im whom my Soul doth Love, I  
By Night upon my Bed, (sought  
I Sought him, but I found him not.  
My Soules delight was Fled.

2. And Sluggish I here ? I'll now arise  
And go about the Town,  
I'll Search the streets and broader ways,  
Until I find my own.  
Up did I get, and out I went  
My dearest to regain.  
But when I had my Labour Spent,  
Alas ! it was in Vain.

3. The City-Watch did light on Me,  
Of whom I did Enquire,  
In any street, pray, Did ye See  
The Man, whom I admire ?

4. 'Twas but a little while that I  
Had from the Watch-men pass'd,

But

But I did find my only Joy,  
 And then I held Him fast,  
 I held and would not let Him go  
 Till I had brought Him home,  
 Into my Mothers House, and so  
 Into my Native Room.

5. O *Salems* Daughters, you I Charge  
 Both by the Roe and Hind.  
 Ye do not move, nor 'wake my Love,  
 Until it be his Mind.

### The Daughters of Jerusalem.

6. *What Smoaky Pillar* strait from hence  
 Out of that Desert Rises,  
*Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense*  
 And all the Merchants Spices?

### The Church.

7. Such Ornaments his Bed do grace,  
 As *Solomons* Bed Commend;  
 VWhere Threescore Men of *Israels* Race,  
 His valiant Guards attend.

8. They all hold Swords couragiously,  
 They all know how to Fight.

Each



94      **The Song of Songs**

Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh,  
Because of Fear i'th' Night.

9. The Chariot of King *Solomon*,  
Which for himself he made,  
**W**as of the Wood of *Lebanon*,  
Which Silver Pillars had.

10. Gold was the Bottom, and above  
Rich Purple Cover'd it,  
The midst whereof was pay'd with Love,  
For *Salems* Daughters Fit.

11. Look, Virgins, on King *Solomon*,  
His Crown so Rich, so Gay,  
Wherewith his Mother Crown'd him on  
His Joyful Marriage-day.

---

*The* P A R A P H R A S E.

C H A P. III.

**The Church.**

1. **O**Nce did I seek my dearest Lord,  
But with a Sleepy Mind,  
His Presence He did not afford;  
Slack Seekers cannot Find.

2. Shall

2. Shall I, said I, forego my Christ,  
And so close up mine Eyes?

No, No, He was so dearly mist,  
I could not but Arise.

My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for Me,  
Nothing could give Me rest,  
Till I my dearest Lord might see,  
And Lean upon his Breast:

VWhen private means could not prevail,  
In publick Him I sought.  
I waited, till my Eyes did fail,  
Alas, I found Him not.

3. Gods Holy VWatchmen did Me find,  
Of whom I did enquire,  
Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,  
VWhich doth a Christ desire.

O Happy Stars, if ye might be  
My Guides to Jesus now!

Seers, did ye my Saviour see?

Pray tell me where and how?

Means must be us'd, but cannot heal  
VVithout a Sovereign VVord.

Christ only can Himself reveal :  
And still I lack'd my Lord.

4. One dark Hour more I did Sustain,  
And then the Night was past.

Tho' I had Sought so long in vain,  
I found my Lord at last.

I found my Lord and held Him Fast,  
And would not let Him part.

My New found Jesus I embrac'd  
And Lodg'd Him in my Heart.

I would not lose my Christ again,  
And gain a Second Hell.

My Prayers and Tears did him constrain  
Within my Soul to dwell.

As Clouds are pierc'd with powerful  
His Beams thro' Me did Shine. (light,  
His dear Assemblies saw this Sight,  
And Joy'd that Christ was mine.

5. Christs Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give.

All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.

He is all Love, he is my Love,  
O do not Him abuse ;



Do not again put Him to pain.

Dear Christians, Turn not Jewes.  
Lord, leave us not ; yet if thou wilt  
With Tears we'll own thy Right ;  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

**Weak Believers.**

6. *What Heavenly Souls from Earth Arise,  
And do at Heaven Aspire !*

*They Mount, they Soar, they Fix their Eyes  
On God their Chief Desire.*

*Earths Wilderness they Nobly Scorn  
Whilst Others Rake for it.*

*Heavens Graces them do so Adorn,  
That they for Heaven are Fit.*

**The Church.**

7. Admire not Me, but my dear Lord,  
Whose Bosom Gives me Rest.

Whose Angels watch with one Accord,  
That none should Me molest.

8. These Heavenly Guards are full of might,  
And ready do they stand,

98      **The Song of Songs**

For to defend his Churches Right,  
When he shall them Command.  
VVhen Darknes breeds tormenting Fear,  
Then Help comes from on High:  
A strengthening Angel doth appear  
Amidst that Agony.

9. Heaven is the High and Glorious  
Of my most Glorious Lord. (Throne,  
VVho yet on Earth rides up and down  
Ith' Chariot of his VVord.

10. His VVord is Rich, and strong, and  
As all his Saints do prove; (Pure,  
VVho of its true Intent are sure,  
And find, Its Heart is Love.

11. Go ye that own the Highest Name,  
Behold a Glorious Shew,  
How the Almighty spreads his Fame,  
And what his VVord can do.

This mighty King Rides Conquering,  
His VVord goes forth with Might;  
VVhich wooes and wins the Slaves of Sin  
Both by its Force and Light.

Those

**Which is SOLOMONS.** 99

Those Slaves their Hellish Lords forsake,  
And Christ do humbly own,  
And as his Spouse, He them doth take,  
And wears them as his Crown.  
Great was their need; Greater his Love  
Then their Necessity.  
As well they may, Glad do they prove,  
But not so glad as He.

---

**The VERSION.**

**CHAP. IV.**

**CHRIST.**

1. **L**O, thou art Fair, my only Love,  
My Love, Lo thou art Fair.  
Thine Eyes are like those of the Dove  
Within thy Locks of Hair.  
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goates Flocks  
Which from Mount Gilead look;
2. So are thy Teeth like Well-Shorn Sheep,  
Come from the Washing-Brook,  
They Pregnant are as well as Fair,  
For Fruit as well as View.



**The Song of Songs**

For each of them her Twins doth bear,  
There's not one Barren Ew.

3. Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-Thread,  
Thy Speech is Sweet and Fine,  
Within thy Locks thy Temples Red  
Like broke Pomegranate Shine.

4. Thy Neck is like to Davids Tower  
Strong Built and raised High.  
A Thousand Shields for Men of Power  
Hang in that Armory.

5. Thy two Breasts are like two Young Roes  
Well Shap'd and well Agreed.  
For they are Loving Twins, and those  
Among the Lillies Feed.

6. Until the Day have Chas'd away  
The Dusky Shades, I will  
B. take Me to the Mount of Myrrh  
And to the Incense-Hill.

7. All over Fair, my Love, thou art,  
And so thou Seem'st to Me.

There

**which is SOLOMONS.**

101

*There is not one uncomely Part,  
Not one dark Spot in Thee.*

8. *Come, Love, with Me from Lebanon,  
From Lebanon with Me,  
Since Thou and I are Joyn'd in One,  
Thy Lebanon I'll be.  
From Shenirs Top, From Hermon look,  
And from Amana High,  
Those Lions Dens must be forsook,  
And where the Leopards Ly.*

9. *My Spouse, my Sister, thou hast Gain'd  
A perfect Victory  
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,  
And by thy Brighter Ey.*

10. *How fair and pleasant is thy Love,  
My dearest Spouse to Me!  
O how I prize it far above  
The Richest Wines that be!  
O how my Sisters Ointments smell  
What Sweetness do they yield!  
This pleasant Scent doth far Excel  
The Sweet Arabian Field.*

## The Song of Songs

11. Thy Lips drop like the Honey Comb,  
There Milk with Honey Flowes.

I Smell the Smells of Lebanon, from  
The Garments of my Spouse.

12. My Sister and my Spouse is Veil'd,  
That She may be Suppos'd.

A Spring Shut up, a Fountain Seal'd,  
A Garden well Enclos'd.

13. Thou hast a pleasant Nursery  
Where Sweet Pomegranate grow,  
And Fruits which please both Taste and Eye,  
There too the Spices Flow.

14. As Camphire, Spikenard, Calamus,  
Saffron and Cinamon,  
Myrrh, Aloes and Incense Trees,  
With each Spice of Renown.

15. A Garden-Fountain is my Love,  
A Living Well is She ;

Like Lebanons Streams which Swiftly  
And down to Jordan Flee. (move,

The



The Church.

16. Am I a Garden? Then, O North,  
Awake, and on it Breath.

Thy quickening Breath will Summon  
The Odours from beneath. (forth

Am I a Garden? Then, O South,

Come, on this Garden Blow.

One Sovereign Blast out of thy Mouth  
Will make its Spices Flow.

Then, Then, into his Paradise,

Let my Beloved Come,

And Eat his Fruits and get his Spice,

And Count Himself at Home.

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. IV.

CHRIST.

1. **M**Y Dearest Church, I do Admire  
The Beauties of thy Mind,  
So meek, So harmless, So entire,  
So Loyal, and so Kind,  
Even thy Profession I Esteem,  
Because it Springs from Grace,

Which makes Thee yet more comely seem,  
As Hair Adorns the Face.

2. Thy Pastours which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds Agree;  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to Me.

3. Thy Speech so season'd is with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.  
And Graces Colour in thy Face  
Its great Advantage proves.

4. Thy Faith which Joyns thee to thy Head,  
Doth shield thine inward Parts.  
This Shield hath oft Extinguished  
The Devils Fiery Darts.

5. The two Breasts of thy Testaments  
Most Friendly do Accord.  
Which Nourishment and sweet Content  
To New-Born Babes afford.  
The Cries of a distressed Soul,  
These Breasts of Comfort still.  
These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,  
These Breasts the Hungry Fill.

6. *The Word is here the Churches Fare,  
And Faith the Churches Light,  
Till Shades give way to Glories Day  
Then shall She Live by Sight,  
Mean-while my Gracions Presence shall  
Her Dear Assemblies Fill,  
Her Prayers shall be most Sweet to Me,  
Sweet as the Incense-Hill.  
Mean-while my Glorious Presence shall  
Fill Heaven, that Holy Ground,  
Where Cherubims and Seraphims  
Their Hallelujahs Sound.*

7. *My Dearest Church, how clear art thou,  
On whom no Sin remains!  
My Blood apply'd hath purify'd  
Thee from thy Guilts and Stains.  
Thou art to Me as white as Snow,  
And tho' thou Sinnest still,  
Grace keeps Thee in, thou canst not Sin  
With full Consent of Will.*

8. *Let my Fair Glories Thee intice  
To come along with Me.*

*Forsake*



## The Song of Songs

For sake thine Earthly Paradise,  
Thy Paradise I'll be.

Birth, Pleasures, Riches, Friends and  
Are all Summ'd up in Me. (Fame

O that thou knew'st how good I am!

Come now and Taste and See.

The World's an howling Wilderness  
Fill'd with the Beasts of Prey.

Whilst that they Rage, Roar and Oppress,  
On Canaan Fix thine Ey.

6. My Heaven-Born Spouse, whom I embrace,  
My Joy and Crown thou art,  
Thine Ey of Faith, thy Chain of Grace  
Have overcome my Heart.

10. My Dearest Spouse of Heavenly Birth,  
Thy Love is more to Me  
Then all the Pleasures of the Earth,  
And Sweet thy Graces be.

11. Thy Speeches in thy Heart are Bred,  
And Sweetly do they Flow.

Thy Works do such a Savour Spread,  
As Lebanons Spices do.

12. Disguised

12. Disguised to the World thou go'st ;  
Heaven in a Mystery.

To Me thou Run'st, to Me thou Flow'st.

None knows thy worth but I.

As thou art mine, so I am thine.

My Love doth Guard thy Heart.

Thy Heart's with Me, my Love's with Thee,  
My Church, how safe thou art!

13. 14. My Church, Thou art a Paradise,  
Where Fruits and Spices grow.

Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice  
The Sweetest Odours Flow.

The tender Plants thy Children are,

Their Graces Fruits and Spice ;

I am the Tree of Life in Thee,

My Church, my Paradise.

15. Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants  
Dost thy pure Streams derize :

Under thine Ey and Ministry

Thy Blest Assemblies Thrive.

**The Church.**

16. My Lord, if I a Garden am,  
Then let thy Spirit Blow,

And

And with its Gales refresh the same,  
 And make my Graces Flow.  
 And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,  
 And I do Flourish most,  
 Then let my Dearest Lord come down,  
 And Feed upon his Cost.  
 So poor I am, So great thou art,  
 Thee, Lord, how can I Feast?  
 Furnish the Table of my Heart,  
 Then come and be my Guest.

---

*The VERSION.*

CHAP. V.

**CHRIST.**

1. **I**'M come into my Paradise,  
 My Sister and my Spouse,  
 I've Gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice  
 Which in my Garden Grows.  
 My Honey Comb and Honey too  
 Have been my Sweet Repast.  
 My Wine, my Milk which here do Flow,  
 Have Chear'd my Heart and Tast.  
 My Friends and dear Companions,  
 Come, Feast your selves with Me.

*Drink*



Drink, O my Welbeloved Ones,  
Yea, Drink abundantly.

**The Church.**

6. I Sleep, but yet my Heart doth wake.  
Heark ; my Beloved One  
Doth Knock and Call. I can't Mistake  
His Knock, his Tread, his Tone.  
Open to Me, my Fathers Child,  
Open to Me, my Love ;  
Open to Me, my Undeſil'd,  
Open to Me, my Dove.  
Open to Me, that wait for Thee,  
My Head is Fill'd with Dew.  
And all my Locks with Evening drops,  
Let's have an Interview.

3. My Coat is off, and how ſhall I  
Put on my Coat again ?  
Should I come o're the Duſty Floor,  
My Waſhed Feet to Stain ?

4. My Deareſt then by the Key-hole  
His willing Hand did move.  
Which when I did perceive, my Soul  
Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

## The Song of Songs

5. Rowz'd by this Passion. I did Stir  
And Answer'd to his Call.

My Hands and Fingers drop'd with Myrrh  
Which from the Lock did Fall.

6. Then did I open to my Dear ;

But He ( Alas ! ) was gone ;

He whom I did so lately hear.

Me thoughts I was undone.

I Sought Him whom my Soul Ador'd

But Him I could not have.

I Call'd and Cry'd, my Love, my Lord !

But He no Answer gave.

7. Then did the cruel City Watch

Smite Me and wound me Sore.

The Keepers of the Walls did Snatch

Away the Veil I wore.

8. O Daughters of Jerusalem,

I Charge You if Ye Find

My Glorious Dear, that He may hear,

My Love afflicts my Mind.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

9. What Jewel is this Dear of Thine,

O Fairest, Let us Know.

Wherein

**Which is SOLOMONS.** **III**

*Wherein do thine Others Out-shine,  
That thou dost Charge us so?*

**The Church.**

10. My Dear delight is Red and white,  
The Lilly and the Rose.

So Sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
Ten Thousand He out-goes.

11. His Head is like the Finest Gold,  
And curled Locks doth wear,  
Which do the Ravens Colour hold.  
So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves,  
Which on the Banks are met,  
And do the Streams of water Love,  
Milk-washt and Fitly Set.

13. His Cheeks are like a Spicy Bed,  
Where all Perfumes do meet.  
His Lips like Lillies, whence is Shed  
The Myrrh that Smells so Sweet.

14. His Hands are like the Chrysolite  
In Rings of Gold display'd,

His



His Belly is like Ivory Bright  
With Sapphires overlayd.

75. His Legs like Marble-Pillars are  
On Golden Sockets Set :

His Face, like Lebanon, is most Fair,  
Like Cedars most Compleat.

His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,  
Yea, He is wholly So ;

Down from his Head unto his Feet  
With Sweetness He doth Flow.

○ Salems Daughters, This is He  
Of whom ye did Enquire.

This is the Friend that Loveth Me.  
This is my Hearts Desire.

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST.

1 **M**Y Love, (*my Dearest*) hath Me  
brought  
Whether thou didst Invite.

Thy Graces which my Hand hath wrought  
Have been my Souls delight.

Thou

Which is SOLOMONS. 113

*Thou art a Vine, which with thy Wine,  
Both God and Man dost Cbear ;  
Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in Thee,  
A constant Feast is there.*

### The Church.

2. Such drowfiness doth Me possess,  
I Live and yet I dy.

Some Life I have, no Liveliness.

How dark and cold am I !

Here in the Dark and deep I Grope,  
Who us'd to Live above.

Where is my Faith ? Where is my

Where is my wonted Love. (Hope?

It is no Strangers Voice I hear,

I know it is my Lords.

He knocks both at my Heart and Ear,

These are his Loving words ;

Open to Me, my Fathers Child,

Open to Me, my Love,

Open to Me, my Undeſil'd,

Open to Me, my Dove.

My Gracious Patience hath stood

Long waiting at thy Door.

Fain would I enter for thy good ;  
Slight not thy Saviour.

3. One would have thought such melting  
Should break an Heart of Steel. (word  
But I (Alas !) so Stupid was,  
Their force I did not Feel.  
My Answer was to this Effect,  
Lord, now I am at Ease.  
And Lord, if I should thee respect,  
My Friends I should displease.  
Thy Service, Lord, would Cost Me dear  
The VWorld would me molest.  
Thy heavy Cross how can I bear ?  
Do not disturb my Rest.

4. My Lord to this made no Reply,  
Only on Me He cast  
A Sad and a Rebuking Ey,  
On which this Sense I pass'd.  
Dost thou my Patience thus requite,  
To make it longer beat ?  
Dost all my Love and Sufferings Slight,  
I Look'd for better Fare.



which is SOLOMONS. 115

This Stirr'd my Love, my Grief and  
Which put Me to such pain. (Shame

5. That I Resolv'd, wharever came,

To own my Christ again;

Accurst Temptations, be ye Gone,

And do not Me Restraine,

Sathan Avaunt, Let Me alone,

I'll have my Christ again.

This Resolution gave some Ease

To my distressed Mind,

My Grievs did then begin to Cease

When I to Christ inclin'd.

6. But when I did my Self address

My Saviour to embrace,

Alas for my Unworthiness

My Saviour hid his Face.

For He is Great as well as Good

And will not be disdain'd,

Then his kind words, which I withstood,

My Conscience sorely pain'd,

O Then I wish'd a Thousand Times

That I had been so VVise,

To shake off my Security,

VVhen Christ bade Me arise,

116      The Song of Songs

I Sought Him daily in his VVord,  
 But Him I could not have.  
 I call'd and cry'd. My Love, my Lord !  
 But he no Answer gave.

7. Earth did oppress whom Heave  
 Nothing but Grieffs I found, (forlook  
 For they who to my Soul should look,  
 My Soul did pierce and wound.  
 Their words and deeds did both Con  
 To Grieve my grieved Heart. (spire  
 Their Scorns and Jears were Swords and  
 VVhich did increase my Smart. (Spear  
 But still my greatest wound was here,  
 My Lord I could not find.  
 Had I my Lord, I should not care,  
 Tho' others prov'd unkind.

8. Another Course I straightways took,  
 I did Repair to those  
 VVho Sion-wards do often look,  
 And did my Case propose.  
 Blest Soules. said I, who oft attend  
 At the Almightyes Court,

Which is SOLOMONS.

117

My Case to you I do Commend,  
That you may it report.

A Lord I have or rather had,  
My Well beloved one ;

His Presence us'd to make me glad.

But, Ah, my Lord is gone !

When you pray, He should acquaint  
You with his Love and Grace,

Tell him from Me, my Heart doth Faint  
And Languish for his Face.

Who is, said they, this Lord of thine ?  
O Fairest, Let us know.

Wherein does thine others out-Shine  
That thou dost Charge us so ?

o. My dearest Lord is white and Red ;  
White thro' his Purity,  
Red thro' his Blood which He did Shed  
For such a one as I.

Was he not Red, but only VWhite,  
The Lilly, not the Rose.

He might delight the Angels Sight ;  
But I am none of those.



**The Song of Songs**

Was He not white, but only Red,  
A Sufferer for his Sin,  
His Bloud would Rest upon his Head,  
Nor could I Joy therein.  
But my Dear Lord is white and Red;  
This mixture pleaseth Me,  
For, for my Sins He Suffered,  
When He from Sin was free.  
What a reviving Sight is this?  
A Righteous Saviours Blood,  
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,  
Most pure, most Sweet and Good.  
The Fond enchanted World admires  
Their Idols here below.  
Their Creeping, Groveling, poor desires  
Their Childish Minds do shew.  
Did but my Glorious Lord appear,  
O did they Him but know,  
What formerly their Glories were  
Would be no longer So.  
The lesser Lights all disappear,  
When once my Sun doth Shine;  
And tho' Ten Thousand Lords were here,  
None could be like to mine.

## Which is SOLOMONS.

119

My Lord, He is the King of Kings,  
The Fairest of all Faires;  
Of all your Fine and boasted things  
None with my Lord compares.  
What's your thick Clay? your Stones bring  
Which ye your Jewels call. (forth,  
My Lord, He is of real worth,  
And goes beyond them all.

1. His God-head and his Government  
Are Infinitely Pure,  
Most Glorious and most Excellent,  
And ever shall endure.

2. His is a pure and piercing Ey,  
Thro' all the Earth it moves.  
Which the dark Hypocrite doth Spy,  
And Secret good approves.

3. His Checks appear most Bright and  
V When He Himself doth shew, (clear  
Me thinks I in a Garden walk,  
Where Flowers and Spices grow.  
When He doth my Affections Stir,  
And Speaks unto my Mind,

Me thinks the Lillies drop with Myrrh,  
 Such Savour do I find,  
 So Sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
 His Face, like Heaven, doth Shine;  
 And O what Musick do I hear,  
 When he saith, I am thine.

[14. His Hands are like to Rings of Gold.  
 The Works of my dear Lord  
 Are Bright and comely to behold.  
 His Works fulfil his Word.  
 The tender Bowels of his Love  
 How precious they be!  
 VVhen I am Griev'd, his Bowels move  
 And loudly plead for Me.

[15. The Sweet proceedings of my Lord  
 Are like his Purposes.  
 Holy and Pure, and Firm and Sure;  
 Both Love and Stedfastness.  
 His Countenance Majestical  
 All Reverence doth Command.  
 If He but Frowns on us, we fall,  
 But if He Smiles, we stand



16. His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,  
 All Sweetness, like an Hive.  
 One word of his like Honey is,  
 O How it doth Revive.  
 As I begun, should I go on  
 My Dearest Lord to Limn,  
 You'd say, all Sweets Compacted are  
 And Summed up in Him.  
 My Lord is larger then Desires,  
 Fairer then Words can Show.  
 One comely part Fond Earth admires,  
 My Lord is wholly So.  
 O Heaven-Born Soules, This, This is He,  
 Of whom ye did enquire.  
 This is the Friend that Loveth Me,  
 This is my Hearts Desire.

---

*The VERSION.*

CHAP. VI.

**The Daughters of Jerusalem.**

1. **F**airest of Faires, if thus it be,  
 O whither is He gone?  
 Tell us, that we may seek with Thee  
 This thy Beloved One,

**The**

# The Song of Songs

## The Church.

2. Down to his Garden He is gone,  
Where Beds of Spices are.  
That he may Feed and Feast thereon  
And Gather Lillies there.

3. I am my Wel beloved ones  
My Wel-beloved's mine.  
He Feeds and Treads in pleasant Meads,  
Where the Bright Lillies Shine.

### CHRIST.

4. My Love, like Tirzah, thou art Neat,  
And Like Jerusalem,  
And like an Army so Compleat,  
Men Fly for fear of them.

5. O Turn away thine Eyes from Me,  
Thy Bright and Sparkling Eyes,  
To bear so great Felicity  
My Strength doth not Suffice.  
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks  
Which from Mount Gilead Look,

6. So are thy Teeth like Well-Shorn Sheep  
Come from the Washing-Brook,

They

They Pregnant are as well as Fair,  
For Fruit as well as View,  
For Each of them her Twins doth bear,  
There's not one Barren Ew.

7. As Broke Pomegranate seemeth Red  
And Shines exceeding Clear,  
So do the Temples of thy Head  
Within thy Locks appear.

8. Thrice Twenty Queens together stand  
And Fourscore Concubines,  
And Virgins like the Numerous Sand,  
Which to the Sea Adjoynes.

9 My Spotless Dove, She is but one,  
The Darling of her Mother,  
Who Love and Prizes her alone,  
She knowes not such another.  
The Daughters saw her comely Lines,  
And Prais'd her Lovely Face,  
Yea, all the Queens and Concubines  
Admir'd her Beauteous grace.

10. What Morn Looks forth? What Moon is  
What Sun may yonder be? (there?  
Fierce



Fierce Troupes with Flags display'd appear  
O what a One is She.

11. To the Nut-Garden down I went  
To see the Fruits below,  
Whether the Vines their Grapes did Vent,  
And the Pomegranates grow.

12. My Soul gave Me a sudden Twitch  
And made Me Nimbly Slide,  
Like those swift Chariots, in which  
Amminadib did Ride.

13. Return, Return, O Shulamite.  
Return, Return Apace  
That we may look with much delight  
Upon thy Glorious Face.  
What in the Shulamite, I pray,  
Do ye expect to See?  
Two Armies Set in good Array!  
Even such a One is She.

---

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. VI.

The Church.

1. **W**Hilest thus my Dearest Lord I  
Prais'd,  
As I could do no less, They

**Which is SOLOMONS.** 125

They Heard, they Look'd, they stood  
At my great Happiness. (Amaz'd

And when I Ceas'd, they thus reply'd,

O Fairest, we must needs  
Congratulate thy Blest Estate,  
VVhich ours so far exceeds.

O that we were in such a Case  
As we perceive thou art.

O that our Soules might find a place  
In thy Beloveds Heart.

VVhither is thy Beloved gone?

Pray, Let us go with Thee,  
To seek thy well-beloved One,  
VVhose Face we Fain would See.

2. If you my dearest Lord would See,  
Then go unto his Court,  
Look where his Saints Assembled be,  
Thither you must Resort.

For they his Pleasure-Gardens are,  
VVhere He delights to be,  
They are his Comfort and his Care;  
There you my Lord may See.

Some Souls he Breeds, and some he Feeds  
Others he doth remove.

Hence

Hence from his Lower Gardens to  
His Paradise above.

3. I am my Wel-beloved ones,  
My Wel-beloved's mine.  
To me his Love a Feast doth prove  
Beyond the Richest Wine.

**CHRIST.**

4. My Dearest Church, on whom I see  
A Fair and Royal Stamp.  
All Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty,  
Thou art both Court and Camp,

5. Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praises  
Thy Love is like a Dart. (Charms ;  
Thy Faith and Graces are so Strong,  
They overcome my Heart.  
Thy Fair Profession I esteem,  
Because it Springs from Grace,  
Which makes thee yet more comely Seem,  
As Hair adorns the Face.

6. Thy Pastours which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds agree,  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to Me.

7. Thy



7. Thy Countenance so shines with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.

Sweet Babfulness on thy Fair Face,  
Its great Advantage proves.

8. The World presents its Glorious Shewes,  
But what are those to Me?

In my Dear Church, my only Sponse,  
All Glories do I See.

9. Earth's Pride would soon confounded be,  
Should but my Sponse appear,  
Who to her Mother and to Me  
Is so exceeding Dear.

Her Noble Birth and Real Worth  
Have Gain'd her so much Fame,  
The greatest Princes of the Earth  
Have Prais'd her Worthy Name.

10. Her Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty  
Her Presence much Endear'd;  
Her Power with her Purity  
Made her both Lov'd and Fear'd.

11. I have been with my New-born Saints,  
I have been down to See

What

*What Buds were on my tender Plants  
What hopes of Fruit for Me.*

*12. When my Dear Church, I hid my Face,  
Thou did'st thy Self bemoan.  
I did but prove thy Faithful Love,  
When thou thought'st I was gone.  
My Bowels Tearn'd when thou did'st Cry,  
My Love did Me Constrain  
To Haste apace, and Shew my Face  
To thy Griez'd Soul again.*

*13. Return, Return, My Dearest Church,  
Return, Return to Me.  
The Heavenly Quire and I desire  
Thy Blessed Face to See.  
My Heavenly Host, if ye would know  
My Churches State and Case:  
She is another Host below,  
And of an Awful Grace.*

---

**The VERSION.**

**CHAP. VII.**

**CHRIST**

**I.** **O** Daughters of a Prince how Fair  
Are both thy Shoes and Feet!

*Thy*

**Which is SOLOMONS.** 129

*Thy Joynts and Thighes like Jewels are,  
Wrought by an Hand discreet.*

2. *Thy Navel as a Cup Compleat,  
With Liquor doth abound.*

*Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,  
Which Lillies do surround.*

3. *Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes,  
Well Shap'd and Well agreed,  
Both which are Loving Twins, and those  
Among the Lillies Feed.*

4. *Thy Neck, like Ivory, is most Fair.  
And, like a Tower, most strait.*

*Thine Eyes like Heshbon-Pools, which are  
Hard by Bath-Rabbim Gate.*

*Thy Nose is like to Lebanons Tower,  
The Tower which doth Command  
Damascus-Town, the Chiefest Flower  
Of all the Syrian Land.*

5. *Thine Head on Thee like Carmel is,  
Thine Hair, like Purple stain'd,  
The Galleries so take his Eyes,  
The King is there detain'd.*



# The Song of Songs

How Fair art thou, how pleasant art,  
 My Love, unto my Sight!  
 So Sweetly Grac'd in every Part,  
 Thou art my whole delight.

7. Unto a Palm-Tree I Compare,  
 Thy Stature strait and Fine.  
 Thy Breasts appear both full and fair  
 Like Clusters of the Vine.

8. I said I will this Palm-Tree Climb,  
 I'll Search her Branches well,  
 Thy Breasts shall now like Clusters shew,  
 Thy Nose like Apples Smell.

9. Thy Palate's like the Choicest Wine,  
 Which for my Friend I keep,  
 Which Sweetly Flowes, and canseth those  
 To Speak that are asleep.

## The Church.

10. I am my Welbeloved's own,  
 And He is wholly mine;  
 The Stream of his Affection  
 Doth towards me incline.

11. Come, my Beloved, let us go  
Into the Fields abroad ;  
And in the Villages below  
Let's take up our Abode.

12. Let's go up early in the Morn  
And to the Vineyards go ;  
To see what Fruits the Trees adorn,  
VVhether the Vine doth grow.  
VVhether the tender Grapes appear,  
And the Pomegranates thrive,  
(The Hopes of the Ensuing year)  
There Thee my Loves I'll give.

13. The Mandrakes Smell, and at our door  
All pleasant Fruits there be,  
Both New and Old which are my Store,  
Laid up, my Love, for Thee.

---

*The* **PARAPHRASE.**

**CHAP. VII.**

**CHRIST**

I. **O** Daughter of the Mighty God  
How comely are thy Feet ?

*With Gospel-Preparation Shod!*

*Thy Carriage how discreet?*

2. *Thou art both Fair and Fruitful too,*

*Great Numbers thou dost Breed,*

*Which with good Meals, the Word and*

*Thou Liberally dost Feed, (Seals,*

3. *The two Breasts of thy Testaments*

*Most Friendly do Accord,*

*Which Nourishment and Sweet Content*

*To New-born Babes afford.*

*The Cryes of a distressed Soul,*

*These Breasts of Comfort Still.*

*These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes*

*These Breasts the Hungry Fill. (Sad*

4. *Thy Faith is thy strong Fort and Tower*

*Thine Understanding clear.*

*Thy Judging and discerning Power*

*Informs when Danger's near.*

5. *Thy Christ, thy Head of Eminence*

*All Others doth exceed.*

*Thy Christ, thy Head of Influence*

*Thy Grace doth Keep and Feed.*



When thine Assemblies Exercise  
Their Graces freely Given,  
The King walks in those Galleries  
As in another Heaven.

6. My Church who art most New, most Fair,  
How Dear art thou and Sweet,  
In whom all Sweets Compacted are,  
In whom all Graces meet?

7. Under thy weight, thou Flourishest  
As the Stout Palm-Tree doth.

My Church, the more thou art deprest  
The greater is thy Growth.

The Breasts of thy two Testaments,  
Like Clusters of the Vine,  
Are full of Juice which for thy use  
Yield Store of Heav'nly Wine.

8. When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive,  
Like to a Fruitful Tree;

Then I drew near, that I might Chear,  
And Joy my Self in thee.

Nor did I empty Handed come,  
But Added to thy Store;

*Gods Word came then more near and home,  
Thy Graces Scented more.*

9. *Thy Speech is like the Choicest Wine,  
So Lively and so strong ;  
It makes the Sinners Heart divine,  
And Sanctifies his Tongue.*

**The Church.**

10. *My Dearest Lords Affection  
I cannot but admire.  
I am my Wel-beloveds own,  
I am his Hearts desire.*

11. *I gladly with my Lord could talk,  
And Spend both Night and Day ;  
Come Lord let us together walk.  
Let us together Stay.*

12. *Come let's go see what Fruits and  
Adorn thy Garden place, (Flowers  
Under the Sun-shine and the Showers  
Of dayes and means of Grace.  
Could I but see thy Children Spring,  
And in an happy Frame ;  
O how should I Rejoyce and Sing,  
And Love Thee for the same !*

13. Thy Saints their Services present,  
Which of Sweet Savour be.  
Saints New and Old within my Tent,  
Are kept for Heav'n and Thee.

---

The VERSION.

CHAP. VIII.

The Church.

1. **I** Would to God thou wert so near  
To Me as is my Brother,  
That Fill'd the Lap and Suck'd the Pap  
Of my most tender Mother.  
When I without should Light on Thee,  
Then I thy Lips would Kiss;  
Yea, I should not despised be,  
Nor disesteem'd for this.

I'd bring Thee to my Mothers Tent,  
Who would instruct me there.  
Pomegranate-Wine of pleasant Scent  
Should be thy Royal Fare.



136      **The Song of Songs**

3. His Left Hand underneath my Head  
Should Lovingly be plac'd.  
His right Hand o're Me should be spread,  
Thus should I be embrac'd.

4. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
'Tis You I Charge and bind,  
Not once to move, or 'wake my Love  
Until it be his Mind.

**The Daughters of Jerusalem.**

5. *Out of the Desert doth Ascend  
A comely Sight to see ;  
One Leaning on her Dearest Friend.  
O what a One is She !*

**The Church.**

Under the shady Apple-Tree  
Thee did I Raife and Rear.  
Thy Mother Travell'd there with Thee ;  
Thy Native Place was there.

6. O Seal mine Image on thy Heart,  
O Seal it on thy Arm :  
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart ;  
And Jealousie is warm.

'Tis

**Which is SOLOMONS.**

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'Tis like the Grave, whose keen desire  
Nothing can satisfie.

The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire  
That flame most vehemently.

7. Waters can't quench Loves Flame, nor  
Can Loves height overflow. (Floods  
If one for Love would give his Goods,  
The Price would be too low.

**The Jewish Church.**

8. No Breasts on our small Sister grow,  
Nor is She yet Admir'd.

What shall we for our Sister do  
When She shall be desir'd?

**CHRIST.**

9. We'll build on Her a Silver Court,  
If She a Wall shall be,

Or if a Door, Her we'll Support  
With Boards of Cedar-Tree.

**The Jewish Church.**

10. I am a Wall both strong and Tall,  
My Breasts, like Towers, are round.

(I then his Sight did much delight,  
As One that Favour found.)

**CHRIST**

## CHRIST.

11. At Baal-Hammon, Solomon  
A Vineyard did possess.

Keepers he sent to the intent  
They might his Vineyard dress.  
And thus with them he did agree,  
That for the Fruit it gave,  
A Thousand Silver Pieces he,  
Of each of them should have.

12. My Vineyard which belongs to Me  
I know not how to spare.

It ever Lies before mine Eys,  
It is my Constant Care.

But thou, O Solomon, must have  
A Thousand for thy Gains ;

And those that keep its Fruit may Crave  
Two Hundred for their pains.

13. And now farewell thou that dost dwell  
In Gardens here below ;

As thy Companions hear thy Voice  
So let Me hear it too.



The Church.

14. Hast my Beloved like a Roe  
Which soon her Course fulfils ;  
O that thou wert like a young Hart  
Upon the Spicy Hills !

---

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. VIII.

The Church.

1. **L**ord that thou wert as near to Me  
As is my Mothers Son.  
Such Freedom should I have with Thee  
As if we both were One.  
I would impart my very Heart  
To one that was so near,  
VWhose nearness should advance my Love  
Above all Slavish fear.

2. Gods Holy Church, my Mother Dear,  
Should Me such Lectures Read,  
I Should provide such Heav'nly Chear,  
VWhereon thou Lov'st to Feed.

3. And then shouldst thou thy Love  
The Riches of thy Grace, (display,  
Thy

Thy left Hand then my Head should Stay,  
Thy Right my Heart embrace.

4. Christs Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give ;  
All ye that own his Sacred Name  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.

Lord, leave us not ; yet if thou wilt,  
With Tears we'll own thy Right,  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

### Weak Christians.

5. *What strange Aspiring Souls are those  
Which do this World disdain,  
Who on their Lord themselves repose,  
Heav'n's Kingdom to obtain.*

### The Church.

Under thine Ordinances Shade  
I Sought and found thine Aid ;  
For there thine Entrance first was made,  
Thy Graces first Conveigh'd.

6. Lord bear my Name upon thy Breast,  
Engrave it on thy Heart,

There

**Which is SOLOMONS.**

**141**

There let it be so Sure posselt  
It thence shall ne're depart.  
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart,  
Which Wounds Me to the quick.  
Thy Presence, Lord, Supports my Heart.  
Thy absence makes it Sick.  
Shouldst thou but seemingly disdain  
My Heart so deep Engag'd,  
I should be Tortur'd with such pain  
As could not be asswag'd.  
O Love Me, Lord, or else I dy,  
Thee, Lord, my Love doth Crave.  
My Lord, Shouldst thou my Love deny,  
My Love would be my Grave.  
My Love doth Flame, my Jealousy  
So burns my Heart and Eyes.  
I must embrace my Lord, or I  
Must be Loves Sacrifice.

7. Whose Seas of trouble cannot quench  
Loves Everlasting Fire.  
Though Hell oppose, whom I have Chose  
I cannot but admire.

None



**The Song of Songs**

None but a Christ, none but my Lord,  
 No Bribes can take with Me;  
 A proffer'd World would be abhorr'd,  
 A Christ and none but He!

**The Jewish Church.**

8. Remember the Blind Nations, Lord,  
 Who in a Dungeon Grope,  
 And lack the Sun shine of thy Word,  
 Yet Pris'ners are of Hope.  
 When once the Hour of thy design  
 Hath on these Captives Shone,  
 When they are Call'd and own'd for thine,  
 V What shall be further done?

**CHRIST.**

9. If they be Constant to my Name,  
 And Firmly hold my Word,  
 They shall be Blest with Strength and Fame,  
 And Honour'd by their Lord.  
 If they will open at my Call,  
 That I with them may dwell,  
 I'll hold them Fast and make them Last  
 Against the Gates of Hell.

Which is SOLOMONS.

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The Jewish Church.

10. Lord, I am Constant to thy Name,  
And Firmly hold thy VVord.  
(I had a Smile upon the same  
From my most Gracious Lord.)

CHRIST.

11 I nor admire nor imitate  
Those who their Vineyards Let.  
Who of their profit do Abate,  
That they some Ease may get.

12. My Church and Vineyard is alway  
My Care and my Delight,  
I my Self keep it every Day,  
And Watch it every Night.

Drest by my Hand, Watch'd by my Ey  
Its Fruit to Me Abounds.  
The Praise of its Fertility  
Wholly to Me Redounds.

13. My Dearest Church, who art Compos'd  
Of divers Companies,  
Now we have both our Minds disclos'd,  
I'll End with this Advice.

As all thy Members give an Ear  
Unto thy Gracious Strain.

So

144 **The Song of Songs**  
So let Me often from Thee Hear,  
Until we Meet again.

### **The Church.**

14. Ah my dear Saviour ! pity Me,  
Preserve Me in thy Heart.  
And Oh make hast, make hast, that we  
May Meet and never part.



**F I N I S.**





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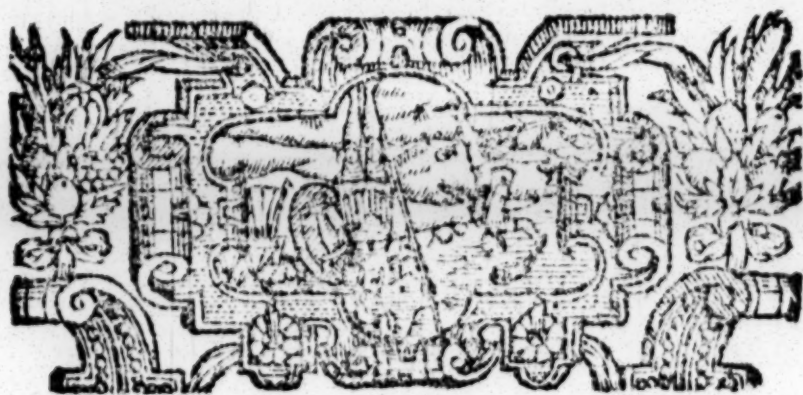
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LAZARUS

A

Sacred Poem.

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